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The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 355.—Vol. XXVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 21, 1910 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

THE VISCOUNTESS HAMPDEN (DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH) AND HER SON, THE HON. THOMAS BRAND (GRANDSON OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH)

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch have been entertaining a family party at Langholm Lodge, their shooting-box in Dumfriesshire, for the Duke's seventy-ninth birthday, which he celebrated on the 9th inst.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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ANGELA. By St. John Trevor. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
THE ENGLISH HOME. By B. F. and H. P. Fletcher. (Methuen: 12s. 6d. net.)
THE TOWER OF LONDON. By R. Davey. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)
A HISTORY OF VERONA. By A. M. Allen. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)

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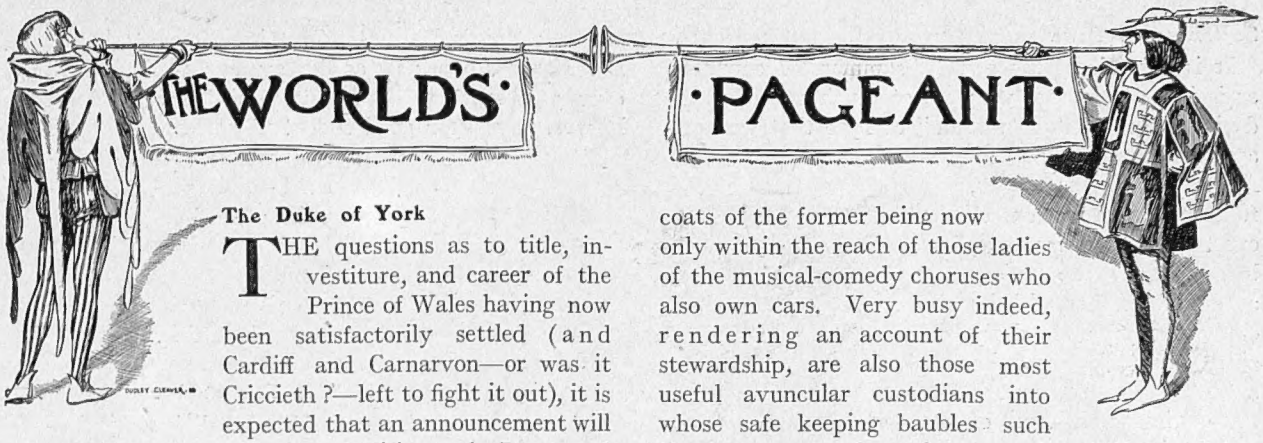
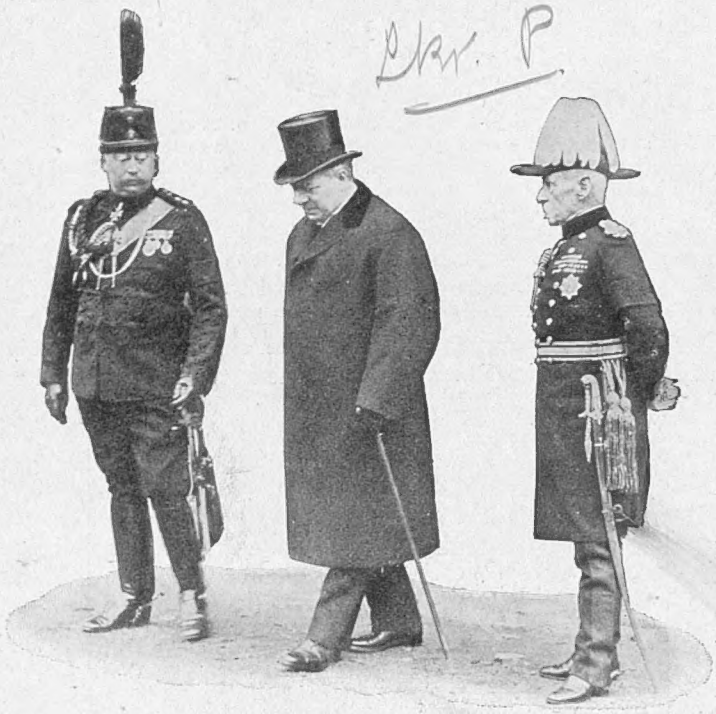


The Duke of York

THE questions as to title, investiture, and career of the Prince of Wales having now been satisfactorily settled (and Cardiff and Carnarvon—or was it Criccieth?—left to fight it out), it is expected that an announcement will shortly be made as to the formal raising to the Peerage of Prince Albert, the second son of the King. Prince Albert is eighteen months younger than the Prince of Wales, and will not, therefore, attain his majority for another two years. He is, however, already well started on his naval career, and is to accompany his brother on his tour round the world, so it is probable that the title of Duke of York will be bestowed upon his Royal Highness at an early date. Both the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert, in order to take up their naval duties at Dartmouth and Osborne, returned from Scotland last week.

An Osculatory Duke

For the best part of a century the title of Duke of York remained in abeyance, the last holder of the title being that Prince Frederick whose death in 1827 finally cleared the way of the Princess Victoria to the throne of England. In 1892, on the death of the Duke of Clarence, it was revived in the present King's favour, and was held by him until, on the accession of King Edward, he became Prince of Wales. A former Duke of York, the brother of King George III., had already served fourteen years in the Navy and taken part in several actions before he died at the age of twenty-eight. This particular Duke of York was, indeed, at all times of a disposition very distinctly "coming on." It was he who, having, under the command of Howe, attacked and severely damaged the town of Cherbourg, gave a ball to such of the inhabitants as survived, and showed his appreciation of the Cherbourg ladies by, to their intense delight, kissing them all round.



Colonel Sir H. Pellatt Mr. Haldane Lord Roberts

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts and Mr. Haldane at the Inspection of the Canadian Regiment

The figure on the left is the Colonel of the Regiment, Sir Henry Pellatt, to whose generosity the Canadian riflemen owe their pleasurable visit to England

Crown Jewels—

Already, with a view to the Coronation next year, ermine and red velvet have, I am told, gone up in price, coats of the former being now only within the reach of those ladies of the musical-comedy choruses who also own cars. Very busy indeed, rendering an account of their stewardship, are also those most useful avuncular custodians into whose safe keeping baubles such as coronets, strawberry leaves, antique family jewels, and the like are given over in times of peace. It was, I believe, Madame de Lieven, Russian Ambassadress to England, who, writing to Paris on the accession of Queen Victoria, declared the English crown to have "no diamonds." Such a lot disappeared during the Georgian era, and most of those that remained were the property of Queen Adelaide, and came to her from her mother, who had bequeathed them to the Crown of Hanover. "As this crown is now separated from the English crown," so wrote the gossip, "the Duke of Cumberland reclaims the diamonds. Thus Queen Victoria has none, and although she is in no hurry to send back the jewels, she can, of course, not wear them."

—Of To-day

It is to a very different state of affairs that Queen Mary succeeds to-day. Her Majesty herself has a magnificent collection of jewels; as the bride of the son of the Heir-Apparent most of her thousands of wedding presents consisted of jewellery, and, thanks to the passion of Queen Victoria for the acquirement of precious stones, the British Crown Jewels rank now among the finest in the world. The greater part of the late Queen's jewels went, of course, to members of her own family, Princess Henry of Battenberg especially. But a large number were assigned to the Crown, among them some of those most wonderful ones of which we have despoiled India. Queen Alexandra, too, has an enormous amount of jewellery. She inherited a good deal from the Queen of Denmark, and all her life has collected and is always buying it, while all her jewels are set in the latest "Cartier" fashion.

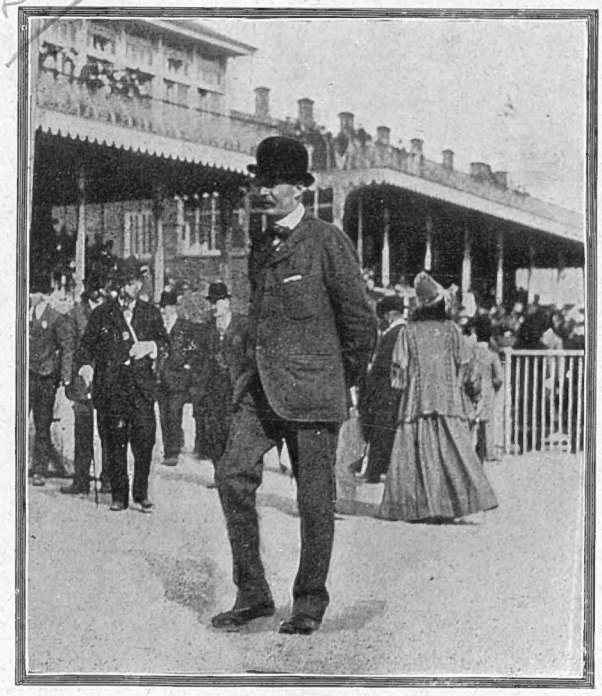
September in Town

It is a result of the awful "summer," I suppose, or is it, perhaps, that we were so much out of town during the mournful "season" of 1910 that we now are glad to get back to it? Anyway, town is gayer, fuller this September than ever, in recent memory, before, and the misty autumnal weather, with its chilly morns and dewy eves, gives already quite a "little season" savour to affairs. Mayfair, of course, is still the resort chiefly of caretakers and cats, and club chairs continue to snore quietly, wrapped in club sheets, on club tables, but the restaurants and hotels, what with the passers-through and the tourists, are as full as they can be—even the Royal Ritz at luncheon isn't empty—and the theatres, bursting out every single day in yet another fresh place, tell of no complaints from that arbiter of theatrical fortunes—the box-office.

The Duke of Buccleuch and his Grandson, the Hon. Thomas Brand, at Langholm, where the Duke has been Entertaining a Party for the Shooting

The Slaughter Season

Out in the open country, where, in the sheltered places, the Seats of the Mighty may be found, a wholesale slaughter of the innocents is the whole order of all well-ordered days. The slaughtered—the deer, the grouse, the wild-fowl, the partridges, also the salmon and trout—are having a horrid time; it is no more than they expected. But the slaughterers, the men with the guns, are, *vide* the game returns, simply immensely in their element. It is a year of plenty, at any rate in the grouse world. Partridges are still shy of the guns, and they are mostly very small. 4,700 grouse was the published total—I wonder who it is sends little items like this to papers such as the *Daily Mail*?—of four and a half days' shooting last week on Lord Sefton's Abbeystead estate. There were only eight guns, among them Lords Brackley, Ilchester, and Herbert, Captain Molyneux, and Mr. Harry Stonor; so, as the average works out at over 500 brace per day, someone did some damage. It *must* have been good sport! A perfect shambles! No wonder the bread-and-cheese-and-a-pull-at-a-flask lunch is now invariably "off." One wants lots of champagne to work so hard as this.



The Duke of Montrose in the Ring at the Ayr Races

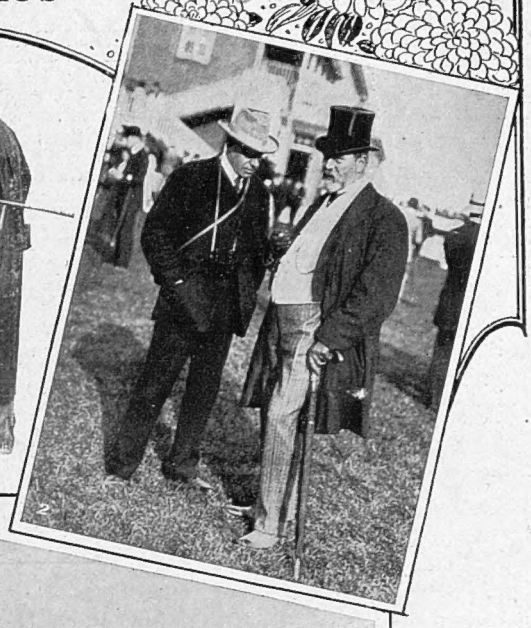
The Fair at Ayr

May I call it sweet September? I think I should like to do so if you have no objection. At any rate, it *is* sweet September in Scotland, and the Western Meeting at Ayr was last week favoured with delightful weather. Society for miles round foregathered at the races, and there were house-parties innumerable. The largest party was that entertained by Lord and Lady Loudoun at Loudoun Castle. There were some eighteen souls all told, I believe. At Caprington Castle, Colonel and Mrs. Smith-Cunninghame also had several people staying with them, including Mr. William Walsh. Miss Victoria Campbell, the daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Campbell, Miss Slade, and one or two others. Lord and Lady Lonsdale who generally patronise the Ayr Meeting at a house they take for ten weeks, were accompanied by Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Mrs. Lionel Faudel-Phillips, and Major Braithwaite. Lord and Lady Bute attended the races each day from Dumfries House, and Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart came over from Home of Falkland.

In the Pink

Lord and Lady Ailsa, who have only recently arrived at their beautiful place, Culzean Castle, at Maybole, motored to the meeting each day, and I also noted with joy the presence of Lord Stair, Lord and Lady Montgomery, Lady Sophie Montgomery and her daughter, and Muriel, Lady Helmsley, who was staying with Lord and Lady Montgomery. Lord and Lady Alfred Browne came from Kilkerran House with

Ayr Races: Spectators and Scenes

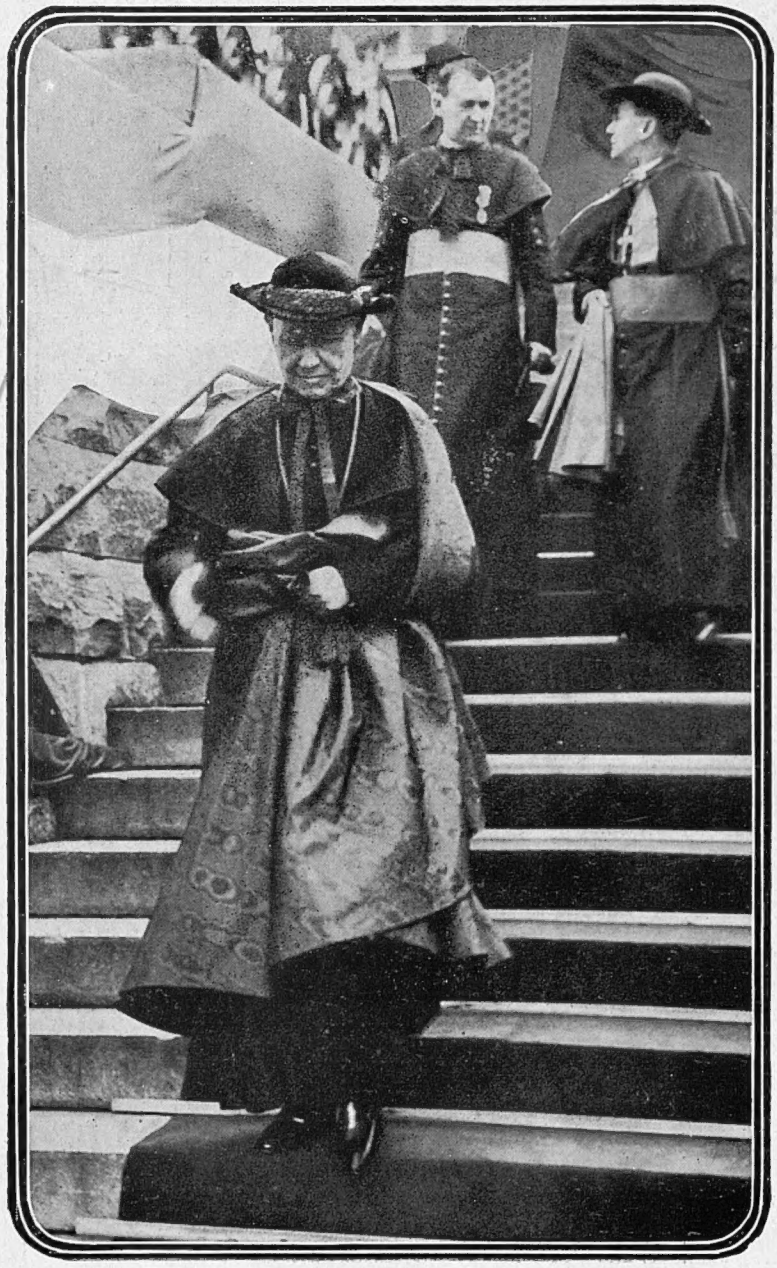


WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE AT THE AYR RACES

1. The Countess of Loudoun. 2. The Earl of Stair. 3. Mr. Jardine. 4. View of Rings and Course. 5. The Hon. Frank and Mrs. Montgomerie. 6. Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart

Favoured by delightful weather, the Ayr Meeting was a great success. Lord and Lady Loudoun had a large party at Loudoun Castle. The members of the Caledonian Hunt were very conspicuous, attending the meeting as they did in pink hunting coats and ordinary walking trousers. The Earl of Stair and Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart were among the members of the Hunt who were present

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wormald, as did also Mr. and Mrs. Claude Lambton, Mr. Cyril Liddell, Captain Wormald, Major and Mrs. Richard Charteris, who were included in Mr. and Mrs. George Coats's party, Lord Hardwick, Miss White, Admiral Windham, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Oswald, and others who hail from the west. One of the most impressive sights of the meeting was the presence of several members of the Caledonian Hunt, who dazzled all beholders by appearing in hunting coats of "pink," so-called because the colour is really scarlet. With these "scarlet delights" were worn "gent's fancy walking trousers," which looked somewhat out of place. The wearers of those coats evidently appeared to feel their position somewhat acutely, for they wore overcoats to hide them as best they could. The notion is quite amazing. It is not pretty, indeed the effect is almost ridiculous. Why is it done? We shall have the peerage dressing up as jockeys for the Newmarket meetings next.



His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli Arriving at Montreal for the Eucharistic Congress

The Cardinal is Papal Legate at the Congress. It was at the express command of the Pope that he telegraphed to King George the thanks of all Roman Catholics for the modification in the Royal Declaration

The Highland Meetings

This week the good people of Perth and Inverness will celebrate their annual sports, games, and dances. It is a thousand pities that the meetings at these two places should clash, but I believe it is done with malice aforethought in order to prevent any undue overcrowding. The Perth meeting takes the form of pony and galloway racing, and is held in the grounds of Scone Palace by gracious permission of Lord Mansfield. In the evenings there are dances, which will be attended by Lord and Lady Kinnoull, Lord and Lady Mansfield, Lady Strathmore, Lord and Lady Tullibardine, Lord and Lady Sempill, Lord and Lady Rothes, Lady Marjorie Mackenzie, and many others who dwell in or about the so-called Fair City of Perth.

A Happy Idea

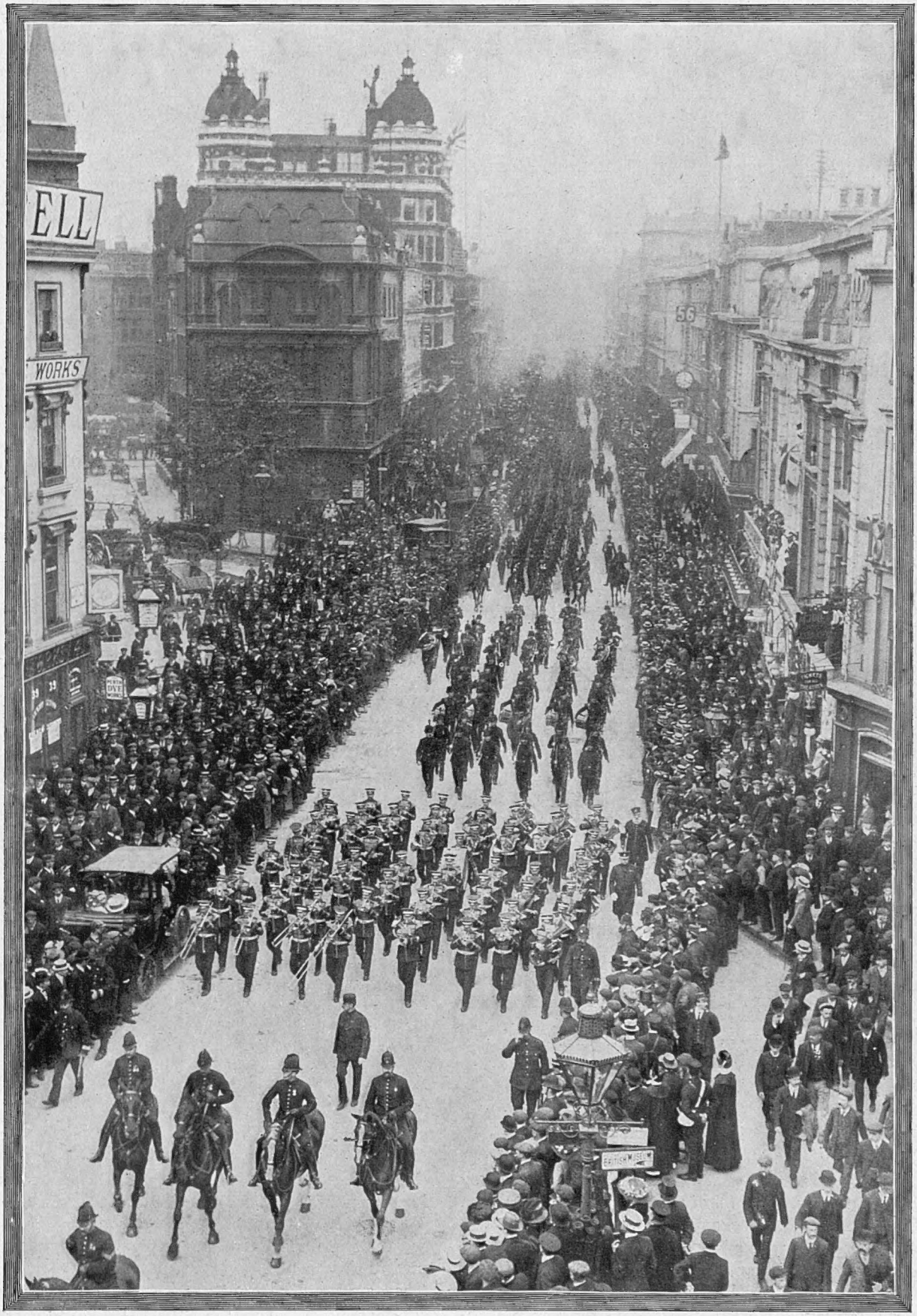
Nothing that we could have done to conciliate Austria-Hungary, whom we have often consciously or unconsciously offended, could have had a better effect than the sending of Lord Rosebery—one of our greatest living statesmen—as Special Ambassador to Vienna to announce King George's Accession. No British statesman, except, perhaps, Mr. Chamberlain, is better known on the Continent, and no one is so respected for being above party politics and private ambitions. His book on Napoleon did not impress the French, yet they regard him as a characteristically independent Britisher of the old type, who would not step an inch out of his way to curry favour with the masses or to please the classes. Lord Rosebery is one of our most cultured politicians. In some foreign schools his speeches are used as models of British oratory. It is very difficult to get foreigners to believe that he will not again hold office.

A Contrast in Statesmen

No two men could be more different than Lord Rosebery and Count Aehrenthal. With the Marquis di San Guiliano he would have talked on every subject under the sun; with the aged Emperor this historian statesman of ours would have chatted of great events they could both recall. But Count Aehrenthal and Lord Rosebery are in striking contrast. The one is attracted by the philosophy of events, by the romance in the nature of men and things—a sort of modern Hamlet—too critical for action and too versatile for concentration. The other, Count Aehrenthal, is essentially a maker of events. He is a poor conversationalist, because he is too absorbed in his work for the moment to allow his mind to wander from it. He is as silent and preoccupied as an American "Captain of Industry."

Our Imperial Army

THE QUEEN'S OWN CANADIAN RIFLES MARCH THROUGH LONDON

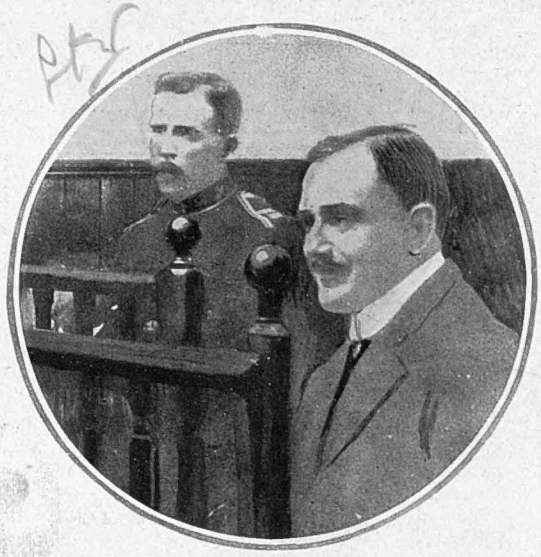


THE CANADIAN REGIMENT IN THE CITY

Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt, commanding the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, and his gallant regiment of citizen riflemen from Toronto, marched from the Duke of York's School, Chelsea, last Friday morning to lunch with the Lord Mayor and citizens of London at the Guildhall. After enjoying the City's hospitality, they marched back to Chelsea

Form IV.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer made a flying trip to town last week to meet a selection of solicitors and things about that little matter—Form IV. About the fuss that has been made on "so simple a little thing" as Form IV., the Chancellor seemed amused: he congratulated the Pres on such a godsend in the way of "copy"—right in the very dead season too!—and ended up, *vide* no less an authority than the *Daily Mail* itself, by talking so charmingly that the delegates "forgot their mission and were content to listen to the magic of his voice." Mr. Lloyd George had a most successful afternoon, in fact. In only one respect was he perhaps just a little remiss—he forgot to explain Form IV.



Lieut. Siegfried Helm
Of the 21st Nassau Pioneer Battalion of the German Army, accused of feloniously sketching British forts

Lieut. H. C. Harrison, R.M.A.
(The famous English Rugby International), one of the principal witnesses in the trial of Lieut. Helm. He is seen arriving at the Court at Fareham

The Ticking Twopences

And talking of economies, has anyone noticed the weird and worried way we have all, even the richest among us, adopted of dashing out of our taxi-cabs with positively dangerous haste at our journeys' end in order to save the ticking twopences? It certainly *is* a strain watching that beastly machine marking up the leaden hours, and I know people with whom it is positively nerve-racking to drive in a taxi, who are considering seriously a return to the handy and now humbled hansom. These unhappy ones groan like lost souls in pain every time the wretched creature bumps, never remove their eyes from the "price list," and, as they near their destinations, give vent to fervent prayers that they may be spared, at any rate, a block. Not all of us are quite as bad as this, but we all, without exception, do the final dash aforesaid, and I for one am now just as much afraid of the smoking, tip-demanding taxi-driver as once I was of the insolent, insulting cabby.

Helm

The use of quotation marks is all very well, but I strongly protest against the newpaper allusions to THE GERMAN "SPY," or THE "SPIES" AT BORKUM. What is meant is, of course, "alleged spies," and the quotation marks are merely put there to give that impression at less expenditure of time and space. But the effect is deplorable. It gives to the intelligent foreigner the impression that we regard the use of the word "spy" as a subject for derision, as though for all the world it were the "Dr." of Crippen. If the principle of the use of quote-marks in place of that blessed word "alleged" be extended, we shall read of a HORRIBLE "MURDER" IN HOLLOWAY; or "STABBING" AFFRAY IN WHITECHAPEL.

A German Wag

It is to be hoped that Mr. Travers Humphreys will not succumb from too much prosecution. With Crippen one day in one Court and Lieutenant Helm in another the next, his has been a busy week. Both cases are, at the moment of writing, *sub judice*, so I may not comment. My impression of Lieutenant Helm is rather favourable, however. He seems to be humorous. "I could not take a walk," concludes one of his letters, "as I was lying the whole day." That is candid, at all events. "Speeches we have and eat together," runs another line.

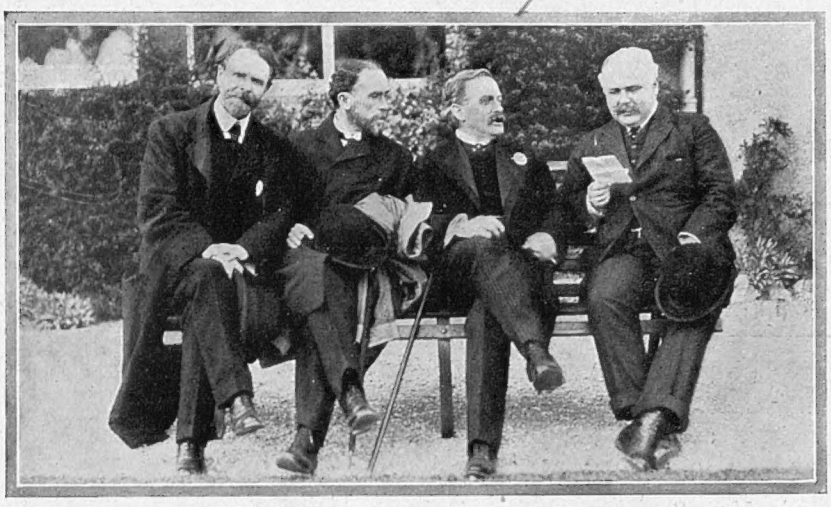
Capt. W. L. O. Twiss, Ind. Army
An important witness, arriving at the Court for Lieut. Helm's trial

This Week's Wonders

They are wondering if the engagement really is to be announced. They are wondering at the fatuous story of the Tiger-Footman. They are wondering whether the announcement was not really an advertisement. They are wondering why her ladyship refused to go racing at Ayr. They are wondering when the fortune-hunters start for the Holy Land. They are wondering if Egypt was glad at their departure. They are wondering why the two marriages were broken off. They are wondering if she is still buying Rubber. They are wondering if the real story of the baccarat party will ever become public.

But Why That Bodyguard?

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, SURROUNDED BY LIBERAL M.P.'S, VISITS A WELSH SCHOOL



Left to right: Mr. William Jones, M.P., Mr. Herbert Lewis, M.P., the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P., The Master of Elibank, M.P.

Group at Penrhos College, Colwyn Bay, where Mr. Lloyd George Laid the Foundation-stone of the new Junior School and also Distributed the Prizes

Mr. Lloyd George arrives at the Eisteddfod, and acknowledges the cheers of the people. On Mr. Lloyd George's left is The Master of Elibank (Chief Liberal Whip)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer Speaking in the Pavilion at Penrhos College

Left to right (seated): Miss Rosa Hovey, B.A. (Lady Principal of Penrhos College), the Right Hon. D. Lloyd M.P., Miss Megan Lloyd George, Mrs. Lloyd George, Miss E. M. Hovey (Lady Matron of College) (Standing): Mr. William Jones, M.P., The Master of Eilbank, M.P. (Chief Liberal Whip), Mr. Herbert Lewis, M.P.

A Group Taken After the Stone-laying Ceremony at Penrhos College

It is delightful to think that the all-powerful Chancellor can still enjoy homely little functions like the above, but why that army of attendant M.P.'s?

The British Empire in a Glass Case

(The Editor wishes it to be understood that the views of this contributor are his own)

A PROTEST AGAINST A PREPOSTEROUS PLAN

SINCE the lamented illness of Mr. Chamberlain, and the preoccupation of Mr. Rudyard Kipling on strange animals and small children, the Empire has fallen on evil days. We only seem to hear of it in the correspondence columns of the papers over the signatures of amiable and philanthropic, but not always very well-advised, members of the peerage. For some years it served as the pretext for an annual summer outing for more or less willing school-children. Then certain clever organisers endeavoured to exploit it in the interests of a Pageant. Now it has reached zero. It has got mixed up—I hope not inextricably—with the Crystal Palace, a sure sign, I fear, that its end is near. The present, therefore, is the time when all good men should come to its rescue—to save the Empire from being put into a glass case. Anything more malapropos than the proposal, for which Lord Plymouth has been induced to make himself responsible, to use the Crystal Palace for the joint purpose of commemorating the reign of King Edward and as an "Empire centre," I do not like to think possible. King Edward never (as King) patronised the place. It typified, to him, all that he abhorred. It belonged to the early period of the reign of his beloved mother, with the artistic ideas of which he had less than no sympathy. To associate the Crystal Palace with King Edward, a monarch of *joie de vivre*, were as false to historical perspective as to honour the memory of Charles II. by preserving statues of Oliver Cromwell. But the danger to King Edward's memory of visiting upon him the artistic sins of the previous reign is as nothing to the danger of burying the British Empire in this grave of glass.

. . . . .

I may be altogether wrong in my idea of that Empire, but, briefly, it is not an institution that stands in need of a "centre" at all. To symbolise United Germany, the Hohenzollerns did, at all events, something plausible. Laugh at the statues of Berlin as one may, they were specially executed for the Imperial purpose. Their Imperial Majesties never proposed to celebrate German unity by buying up an obsolete building erected by a former monarch in a distant and inaccessible suburb of the capital, and instituting a club, reading-room, swimming-bath, tennis, croquet, cricket, bowling and fives courts, pigeon shooting, rifle ranges, physical culture, and—heaven preserve us—Empire concerts! That, briefly, is the purpose for which Lord Plymouth (against, I am quite sure, his own very admirable judgment) has been persuaded to ask £750,000. Wherein the Imperial Institute, well within the centre of London, failed, Sydenham, well without it, dreary, drafty, and decadent, is to be subsidised to succeed.

. . . . .

But words fail me to speak my real mind on this amazing proposal. Preserve the Crystal Palace by all means, if there is any consensus of opinion that it is really worth preserving. Personally, I think it is, like everything else of its period, too hopelessly big and false for permanence otherwise than as a monumental mistake. One likes, perhaps, to see it from the Strand, or from the windows of the Savage Club. In the far distance, it is not without mystic charm, and one might miss it once a year if taken away. But as an actuality, as a so-called pleasure palace, it fails. There is no pleasure to be got out of wandering through its chill, cheerless precincts, reminiscent of a period of history that we all want to forget, listening to a band of which one can only hear either too much or too little, or to an organ which, out of church, one does not want to hear at all, out into gardens which convey an impression of wilderness and waste, in which gaiety can neither be concentrated nor unobserved.

. . . . .

The Palace is too far from London. It always will be too far from London; yea, even if they fired us there through tubes out of colossal cannons. They want to preserve it from the builder. From the jerry-builder I would preserve everything. But I do not know that a number of picturesque residences, in manor or cottage style, would be so dire a calamity for Sydenham. On the contrary, for a really select garden city, the site has many advantages, among them the immense amount of cheap glass that should be handy for windows and conservatories. Preserve the Palace by all means, if you like; and, also, please, let us preserve the Empire. But if we wish to spend £750,000 on it, let us build something specially for it, somewhere where we can get at it, and for a purpose that will have some practical application to existing needs, and not on swimming-baths, croquet and fives courts, and busts of Empire servants, whoever they may be. Why not on a Dreadnought? Or on an Immigration Fund whereby the Dominions might be provided with much-needed white settlers to help develop their resources?

. . . . .

The packing of the Empire in the Crystal Palace might, however, it occurs to me, be of service in one way. Our eminently pacific and unaggressive character would thereby be emphasised. From there, obviously, the Empire could not throw stones. DOWNWRITER.

A Lovely Follower of the Chase

Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE

The wife of the Earl of Shrewsbury's son and heir is a daughter of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paget. She has one child, a charming little daughter named Ursula, born in 1907. She is very pretty, dresses charmingly, and is very fond of outdoor sports, especially hunting

PARIS SHOWS

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

THE theatre has been given a lick and a promise during the summer months. Everything is ready but the play. During the spring the author read it to the manager. He said that the title, *Les Dessous Mauves*, was all right, but that he thought the play itself needed a little tinkering. "I will give it to Durand," he said; "he will rewrite the second act, knock the third act into shape, and touch up Act I., and you will see that it will be a big success. You won't, of course, mind Durand's name appearing before yours on the programme? And he will draw three-quarters of the fees. His name is so well known, you see." And the author Dupont, who is a beginner, smiled a pale green smile, and consented.

The Importance of Ninette

Since then he has been duly grateful to Durand for being lazy. Durand has done nothing to the play, except alter the title to *Les Dessous Roses*, but has talked a great deal about the changes in the text which this change in the title has involved. And now they are rehearsing. The author Dupont, the manager, and Durand are sitting in three little pools of dust in the third row. The second act is being run through by the company. Mademoiselle Ninette Pervers, who plays the leading part, is far too great a personage to rehearse yet awhile, and her lines are spoken by a voice which apparently comes from underground. The prompter, in a little hencoop thing under the centre of the footlights, owns the voice and is reading Mademoiselle Ninette's part for her, assisted by a running commentary from the author. From the author Dupont, of course, for Durand knows very little about the play yet. He will look in at several rehearsals before the first night though, so as to be able to be modest to congratulatory journalists at the *répétition générale* about "his work" without making too many mistakes.

Love and Partridges

The manager is eating almonds, and his principal occupation, in addition to them, is a conversation with the Funny Man, who has been shooting partridges in Normandy. This is the sort of thing that goes on:—

A Young Man: Then I may hope—

Prompter's Voice: You're impudence is extraordinary.

Dupont (*from the stalls*): She gives him her hand. Take h r hand, *mon cher ami*.

The Young Man: How can I take her hand when she isn't here?

Dupont: Pretend, my old one, pretend!

The Manager (*cracking a nut*): So you got wet.

The Funny Man: Wet! I was absolutely drenched, but I kneeled down behind a hedge, aimed at my bird, and Pan! Pan! Pan! I fired.

The Funny Man has a loud voice, so has the manager. The prompter, whose business it is to prompt, which useful operation is performed in a French theatre by gabbling the whole play in an expressionless undertone, goes on gabbling. By this time, therefore, he has nearly reached the end of the Act, and the people on the stage, who have been listening to the manager and the comic man, are eighteen pages behind him.

A Meilhac Memory

Dupont is frantic. He jumps to his feet and screams, "*Mais, non! Mais, non!* It is not that at all. Ninette is in the centre of the stage, and you, *mon cher*, are holding her hand. When she says, 'Leave me in peace,' you kiss it, and——"

The Manager: My dear Dupont, you are wrong to put yourself in that state, there.

Durand (*with an easy smile. He has been flirting with a little black-eyed lady who has to bring a card in in the third act, and who has found her way down to the stall next to his on some pretext or other*): But yes, *mon cher collaborateur*, it is charming, that scene. It will all go superbly. (*He pinches the black-eyed lady's chin.*) She is delightful, that little one.

The Black-eyed Lady (*coyly*): Oh! dear Master, you really——

Dupont: Let us begin the second scene again.

The Duenna (*in a loud voice to another lady*): He will kill us, that young man. That is the worst of a young author. Now I remember Meilhac—

The Other Lady (*in a stage whisper to a friend*): I shouldn't wonder if she remembered Molière. She is quite old enough.

Monsieur Dupont Again

And so the rehearsal drags on until everybody drifts away to dinner. But the little lady with the black eyes has realised that Durand, although everybody calls it his play, is not the real author. She is very willing, but, poor child, she does not know the ropes yet. It is only three days ago since she spoke the two words of her part for the first time in front of a fearsome audience of her fellow actors and actresses, who sat on chairs upon the stage and glared at her. So in her ignorance she buttonholes Dupont in a dark corridor, and wheedles him for an improvement in her part. Dupont, poor fellow, who has not had a kind word spoken to him yet by anybody in the company, promises, and would do anything he could. But Durand has seen the wheedler wheedle, and is her enemy for life, or until he forgets her. And Durand, when he has found out what the play is all about, will be the man to whom the manager will listen.

By-ways of Militarism

The German Army Manœuvres in West Prussia: Placing a Mine under a Bridge

The German Manœuvres in West Prussia: Working the Heliograph

NOVEL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE FRENCH ARMY MANŒUVRES IN PICARDY AND THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES IN WEST PRUSSIA

A Telephone Station at the French Army Manœuvres

One soldier receives the message and dictates to his comrade, who delivers it to the Commanding Officer by cycle

A Giant Cooking-Range on Wheels

The photograph was taken at the French Army Manœuvres in Picardy. One hardly envies the orderly who has to drive this huge cooker in hot weather

Farewell to Host and Hostess

In Germany, during manœuvres, the soldiers are often quartered in private houses at very short notice. Above a private is seen leaving his quarters

INCONSEQUENCES

MOTTO FOR THE SUTOR COURT-MARTIAL:—*Ne Sutor ultra crepidam!*

* * *

"HE died from the effects of a bullet wound received at Waterloo, twenty years afterwards, in Australia" (letter to the *Daily Mail*). "In two places," as the auctioneers say; or does the writer imagine that Waterloo is in Australia?

* * *

THE court at the Crippen case is described as being crowded to suffocation. We understand that Dr. Crippen and Miss Le Neve offered to vacate their places in the dock in favour of disappointed spectators, but the authorities refused to trespass upon their generosity to this extent.

* * *

ENGLAND is not the only place where musicians are a public danger. A band has just attacked a Turkish village and killed several women and children.

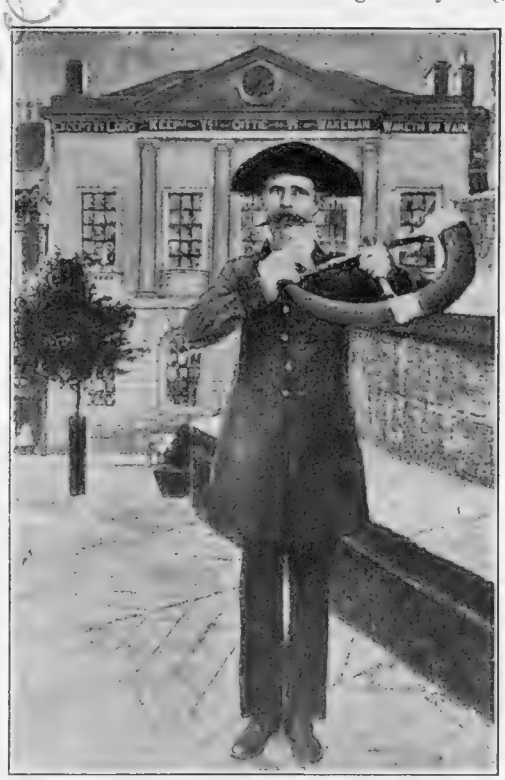
* * *

THE HORSE MARINES AGAIN.—Earl Grey's canoe party in Hudson Bay included "three mounted policemen."

* * *

COLONEL SEELY told the Journalistic Conference that without newspapers we were "jumpy," because we did not always know what was really happening. Others held that we know even less when we read the papers.

* * *



The Ripon "Watchman" Blowing His Horn

Every evening at the present date the City Hornblower (as shown in the photograph) blows his horn at nine o'clock, first at the Mayor's residence, and secondly at the Market Cross—three melodious blasts at each place. It is the continuation of an ancient custom, to assure the inhabitants that the guardians of the City are at their posts of vigil to watch over its safety and interests

SPORTING OUTLOOK

(*By Our Budget Expert.*)

MIDDLESEX.—Dukes are reported healthy and strong on the wing. They were, however, very shy when being driven up to the Commissioners at the butts.

YORKSHIRE.—The birds are suffering from a lot of unearned increment about here, but a good season's sport is being looked forward to by the land-tax officials.

CARNARVON.—The opening meet was held on Saturday under the Mastership of Mr. Lloyd George. Eight couples of police bloodhounds were used; an earl was started and after a brisk run was driven into a borough and killed. Some minerals were dug out later on.

SUSSEX.—The country is well stocked with landowners, and consequently young cubs are plentiful.

LANARK.—Peers are being shot in numbers with land-tax ammunition (Form 4). Plenty of ungotten minerals have been unearthed the past few weeks, and large coveys bagged of bulls and bears.

BANGOR.—A poultry fund has been opened by impoverished farmers to pay compensation for the destruction of hen-roosts.

* * *

ACCORDING to a contemporary, the only people who still write letters constantly are—lovers. We should suggest another class—creditors.

* * *

NOT long ago a policeman, taking a burglar to the station, forgot his way and was helped to find it by his prisoner. Something similar has happened at Salisbury, where a constable was travelling with a prisoner in a motor. The motor overturned and the constable was badly injured; but his companion, after considerable trouble, brought him round, and then handed himself over to another policeman. But is not crime becoming over-refined? Oh, for the criminal who felled one policeman with his fist, stole his truncheon to brain the other, and then, after stealing a disguise across the body of a helpless widow, barricaded himself in a church! Where are the convicts we *used* to have?

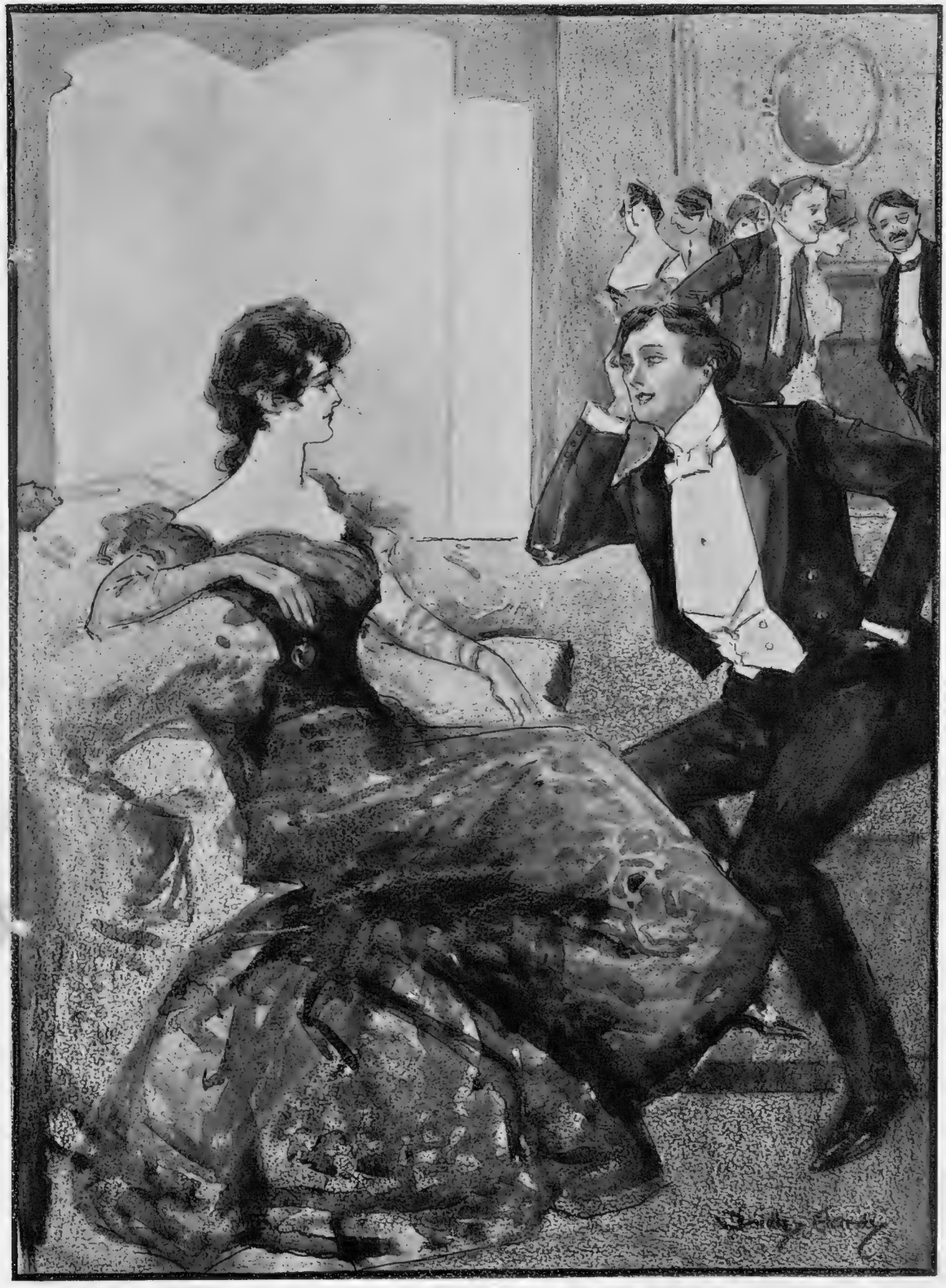
* * *

FROM an *Evening News* agony advertisement:—"Will be your friend always, more, if you wish." Better try always first, then extend the time afterwards, if they seem to get on together.

* * *

ENTERTAINERS are an unappreciated class. A conjurer, performing a trick which requires eight hours' daily practice, heard a lady in the audience murmur, "I suppose he's in some business in the daytime."

The Very Limit



Sarcastic American *(discussing Strauss's "Salome")*: "But I suppose to you one should speak of Sinjun the Baptist"
Miss St. John *(coldly)*: "I know nothing about the Nonconformist branch of the family"

BLACK FEELINGS

THE RETURN-TO-TOWN EMOTIONS OF AN OVERWORKED PARLIAMENTARY PRIVATE SECRETARY

(ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES ROBINSON)

"The weather is always glorious when you are leaving the seaside."
HERODOTUS.

THE symptoms first become noticeable on a day towards the end of your holidays. Maybe you are ending up a strenuous five weeks with a few lounging days at a Something-on-Sea. You are taking it easy on the promenade, listening to the swish of the piqué skirts as they flutter by, humming the latest catch of the pierrots, and generally living the life you know you were made for.

Perhaps a pair of eyes—but that may pass.

The first pang, striking you somewhere in the regions of the upper epigastrum, rather high and a little to the left, may coincide with your realisation that the vacation is well-nigh at an end.

The gaiety of the promenade is gone. The feeling that you are an under-developed negative steals over you. The sun strikes cold, the place seems more full than ever of people whose holidays are much longer than yours.

You have thought yourself one of a happy world of pleasure, colour, sweet smiles, and promenades. Now you are a disintegrated atom, cast off, unwanted.

When you are gone, the pleasure, colour, sweet smiles, etc., will still be going on merrily.

They don't seem to mind your feelings in any way.

Why does Providence make such a hotch-potch of everything? Is it necessary for chiefs to howl for their secretaries, simply because a little rag of paper announces that Parliament is going to meet?

Why are you fated to see others with those opportunities you lack, *i.e.*, more holidays than six weeks, no responsibilities, effervescent brains, all the prettiest feminine acquaintances, and most of the money going, with private information about rubber?

"The feeling that you are an under-developed negative steals over you"

What's the good of the chief being a Right Hon. if he can't balance affairs better than this? There's a partridge calling in the wilderness, but your gun goes back with virgin bore.

Sitting in a stuffy compartment—(she didn't come and see you off)—the last sight you have of the place reveals it bathed in glorious sunshine, without a ripple on the sea or cloud in the sky.

(She's probably found someone else with a yacht.)

The very hedges seem to be rustling to the paradise you are leaving. The telegraph wires whizz by, rising and dipping to show how fast you are speeding to the town of the midnight day.

The silly engine shrieks with joy as she rushes like a delirious caterpillar into the tunnel on her way. The telegraph posts dance a drunken carmagnole up and down the embankments and cuttings, vanishing at the tunnel's mouth only to reappear at the other end, as if shouting, "A little bit nearer! A little bit nearer!"

Two callous scoundrels in the corridor talking about the shoot they are going to

The hedges, the trees have gone. No more little farms, no more cornfields and little rivers. Photographs of nice places to go to for your holidays taunting you in the carriage.

Outside new bricks, changing to old ones, black bridges, dirty stations, lunatic asylums, and local trains.

Still with you, the telegraph posts, holding you with their wires to your journey. Trains full of happy people just going off for their holidays, slum backs on washing day, smelling factories, and, ye gods, Bermondsey.

Oh, blackness born of despair, soot, chimneys, and Southwark!

Six months' wait at hell gate for a grabbing ticket collector.

Thames sluggish and muddy, the clattering rush over girders and points, the gathering of bags, rugs, irons. Stiff knees and the tenebraic murk as London swallows in its capacious maw the sulphurous caterpillar that carries you.

An other idiot pleased with

himself at going away. Where's my gun?

The ugliness of the barmaid at the refreshment-room. She looked

"The very hedges seem to be rushing to the Paradise you are leaving"

such a bright and winsome little thing when you left town. Aged terribly, poor thing.

Porters caked with grime of a thousand years. Wet pavements, umbrellas, whole ranks of moribund cab-drivers. Why doesn't someone tell them they are dead, and bury them?

Big Ben covered with mildew.

No telegraph wires, they're cobwebs.

Taxi home, house like a funeral, sack exhibition in the dining-room. Weird animal in costume to match. Chandelier in evening dress.

Blue death everywhere.

Oh, for a word to a human being. Out again.

Old ornament outside club? No—commissionaire, still living; wants dusting; been left out in the sun probably.

Club. Shall propose new name for it: "The Mausoleum." No one anywhere, dry rot in the visitors' book, only bills in the letter-rack. Smoke-room thick with silence; only the bald-headed wine waiter gone to sleep reading the *Times*.

Smile over his face. Send for his relations.

Bed. To lie half dreaming, planning a day of bathes and games for two. Waiting to begin it, when the glorious sun proclaims the morn.

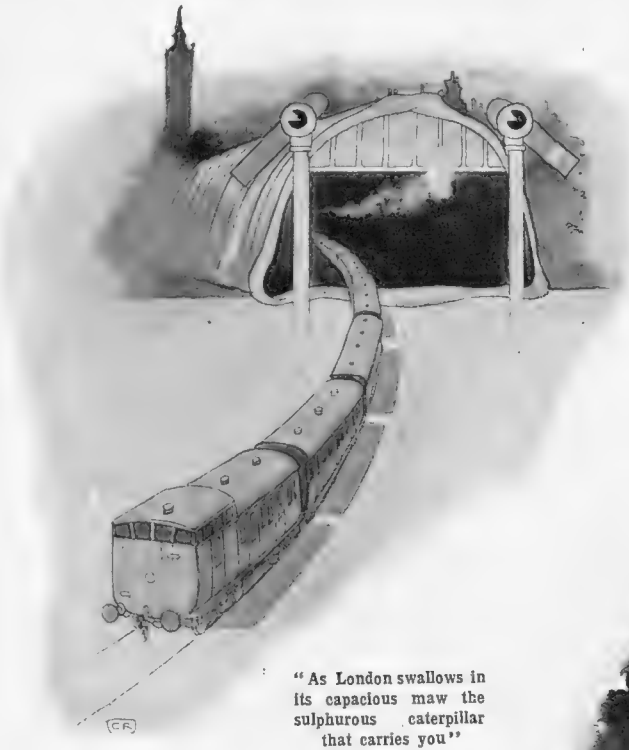
Is the yacht on the rocks? She's bumping terribly.

Saunders banging the door, with the hot-water can. Look at my watch and find said sun's done its proclaim behind the fog some time since. Nine fifteen and serfdom calling.

Same dear old rush at breakfast, fastening an egg and eating a stud at one time.

Clothes *de rigueur* for sprinting in and about the House with despatch-boxes and blue literature.

Curseful House and houndful chief. Bluebooks for bathing, motions instead of



"As London swallows in its capacious maw the sulphurous caterpillar that carries you"

motors, and statistics for sunshine and smiles.

Oh, for the life of a man with a big M; an open-air man, a sailor, a boatman, a mixed bathing-machine woman.

How tanned you're not, fool chief; glad to see me, waiting for me; got to leave suddenly on official business. Why do Right Hons. look ugly?

Gross and crass labour-finder.

Says you've had a nice long tour and a lovely wind up. Brute.

Bound to a wretched library table in a gloomy committee-room till the Parliament adjourns. I say what is Parliament for?! What's the good of manhood?!! Where is ambition calling me? The sunshine is of the gods, the breezes, the waves, noble Nature, and the bathing tents.

Oh, for that holiday Government!

Release me from this thraldom, I insist!!!

Of all people in the world, can't a Cabinet Minister release his secretary for more than six weeks or two months?

Why not let the Opposition have a chance to wear out their menials?

Her face keeps popping out of the bookcase and in and out of last year's digests and summaries.

There she goes tripping down the beach in her Trouvilles to the water.

No, she's going down the lid of the chief's bureau holding a rope from the inkpot.

But she isn't.

I wish she'd come again.

She won't.

The un-Right Hon. is telling you what he wants done by the time he returns. How dare he. I'll denounce him to the Speaker for a low-faced scavenger.

Write up facts of mortality from bathing, and motoring.

"Clothes de rigueur for sprinting in and about the House with despatch-boxes"

Essay on moral aspects of the sea resorts of Great Britain, Scotland, Ireland, and Berwick-

on-Seaweed. Find statistics of unexampled longevity in factory towns, and the yet undiscovered benefits

"To grow bald on a diet of digests, returns, and summaries"

of fog, soot, and smoke. (Everybody drinks fog in London)—see advt.

He's talking as he goes, counting the various tasks

"Bound to a wretched library table in a gloomy committee-room until Parliament adjourns"

on his fingers; hasn't come to the oakum picking yet.

You'd like half of the official business he's going to in a hurry.

Why doesn't he ask me to suggest a place for him to go to very quickly?

He's got his tweed trousers on. The deep, cavernous-brained pterodactyl.

Oh, for an hour of Italy in the dark. Buy Saunders for a deed in the gloaming; look out for the papers in the morning.

Leaving me to grow bald on a diet of digests, returns, and summaries.

Leaving me to bite pen and pencil ends. Leaving me to gaze at green baize instead of green fields, blue paper instead of blue skies, gilt knobs instead of golden hair.

Oh, the cowardice of the powerful! Oh, the super-selfishness of those in high places!

He's changed his top hat for a tweed cap! He smiles!

"Club smoke-room thick with silence; only the bald-headed wine waiter gone to sleep reading the 'Times'"

He's waiting for a taxi at the door.

His man has just put his bag on the step.

What's that? He's taking his gun with him!!

He lurks a quiet smile all over his carcase.

He's gone.

The baleful beast. The brain-fever immune!

Fog, darkness, gas, ink, messenger boys, quill pens, heavy and frequent falling of books, muttering, much torn note-paper, and

FINIS

In Happy Boyhood

THE FUTURE EMPEROR OF ONE-SIXTH OF THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

THE TSAREVITCH OUT FOR A RIDE WITH HIS BODY COSSACK

The Tsar's only son, heir to all the responsibilities and dignities of the control of the Russian Empire, is now six years of age. He will one day rule one-sixth of the terrestrial surface of the globe

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"NOBODY'S DAUGHTER" AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

IN this play Mr. Gerald du Maurier breaks new ground, and performs the feat very successfully. He is no longer the light and airy exponent of refined burglary, but a highly domesticated married man whose wife has, alas! been deceiving him for seventeen years. What? Mr. du Maurier's part takes him through almost all the emotions, and he acquits himself with distinction every time. At one moment he is gently humorous, at another wildly comic; and then, again, he is bowed down by the trouble that comes upon him, and is grief-stricken and angry by turns in the most natural manner in the world. His performance is quite a satisfying display of versatility, and it stands out as good work even among the unusually excellent company by which he is supported.

In "A Bolt from the Blue" at the Duke of York's Theatre
By Norman Morrow

THE first act takes us to Christine Grant's cottage at Brambleside. Christine (Miss Mary Rorke) has had the charge of Honora May, "nobody's daughter," ever since the child was born. At the opening of the play Colonel Torrens and Mrs. Frampton call at Christine's cottage to make arrangements for the future of Honora. Mrs. Frampton is not the wife of Colonel Torrens, and he is not her husband, but Honora is their child. It sounds at first rather like a breakfast-table problem, but the explanation is really very simple.

COLONEL TORRENS and Mrs. Frampton fell in love with each other when they were very young, and after the birth of Honora they decided that it was time they left each other and got married. The Colonel met a lady with money, and made a good match, and Mrs. Frampton received attentions from Mr. Frampton, who married her under the impression that she was a young and innocent girl. He seems to have been tolerably young and innocent himself. Of course, such a state of affairs could not arise in real life, because, as we know, Mr. Hall Caine has forbidden it; but it makes a very pretty story for a play. Honora's parents have just decided to take her away from Christine and to board her out in a middle-class family, when the girl herself announces that she prefers to remain amid her humble surroundings, because she has become engaged to a young man named Will Lennard, who is a motor mechanic—and not even the younger son of a peer at that, but just an ordinary member of the working class. In order to give her time for reflection, Mrs. Frampton decides to take the girl to her own house, where for six months she will have an opportunity of seeing life on a higher plane.

THIS is where the trouble begins. If I had been in the Colonel's position (though such a thing is, of course, quite unthinkable) I should have left Honora and the young man to make a match of it, as I imagine that the circumstances of Honora's birth would have interfered with her eligibility as a bride of a member of the aristocracy—unless, of course, she secured an engagement beforehand in the chorus of some popular musical comedy. Art levels all. But Mrs. Frampton takes the girl home and introduces her to her husband, who at once gives her the right hand of fellowship as it were, and is prepared to accept her as his daughter, since he has no children of his own. All that Mr. Frampton wants to know is, who were Honora's parents? Mrs. Frampton and the Colonel do their best to satisfy this unhealthy curiosity by cooking up a pathetic story of a young couple on a remote Indian station who were knocked over by yellow fever at short notice, and who commended Honora to the care of Colonel Torrens with their last dying words. The story, as told by the Colonel

SKETCHES AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

(Mr. Sydney Valentine), seemed to me to be complete and convincing, and I should have been quite prepared to shed a tear over it myself, and forget it. But Mrs. Frampton's simple-minded husband didn't think it was good enough. He commenced inquiries, with the result that he learned from official sources and Government statistics that in the year in question nobody died of yellow fever, and that there never was a young couple at the place mentioned by the Colonel. Statistics, as we know, may be used to prove anything, but it is the first time I have seen them used for the admittedly difficult feat of proving a negative.

MR. FRAMPTON then begins to warm to his work. Bit by bit he builds up his case from no evidence at all, and where facts are too obviously wanting, he relies on the guilty look of the Colonel and the fear-stricken attitude of his wife. He also gets valuable help from Christine, who declines to say anything, and thus furnishes him with precisely the kind of evidence he is looking for. After that, it is all so clear. If nobody died of yellow fever in a place where there were no young married people, and if Christine declines to give the name of Honora's father and mother, it follows conclusively that they are the Colonel and Mrs. Frampton respectively. Q.E.D. I mean, what is the good of learning Euclid when you are young if you can't reason out a simple little problem like that? Mr. Frampton is, of course, very much upset at the conclusion to which his reasoning has brought him, and he gets very personal to both the delinquents. If, as he very naturally argues, this sort of thing was going on between them before his wife's marriage, how does he know that it is not still taking place? And his accusations become wilder and wilder till he is moved to suggest that perhaps Colonel Torrens is not the only one, and how many of them are there anyway? Mr. DuMaurier made this scene a very powerful one, and the house rose at him in its enthusiastic appreciation.

THE author, "George Paston," discreetly ignores the very pertinent question raised by the latter series of the injured husband's suspicions, and we are asked to accept the lady's assurance that Honora was her first and only offence. Also, Mrs. Frampton is, it appears, entitled to forgiveness because she has been a good wife and an affectionate companion to her husband for seventeen years, and the play ends with a gentle sob of happiness and peace. Miss Lilian Braithwaite as the erring wife and loving mother showed much feeling throughout her trying part; while Honora herself was very daintily represented by Miss Rosalie Toller. A quaint character is that of Tony, the crippled son of Colonel Torrens. In spite of the fact that he can only get about by the aid of a crutch Tony is an incurable optimist, who insists on his ability to do high jumps and step dances, and Mr. Ronald Squire, who plays the part, contrives to represent very effectively the fine spirit of the boy who declines to admit that his physical handicap is any bar to his success in field sports of all kinds. Mr. Squire shows himself an actor of great talent, and he has clearly a bright future. Mr. Marsh Allen's performance of the ambitious chauffeur is exceedingly clever. His accent is quite unobtrusive and yet very real. Mr. Quartermaine's sketch of an athletic baronet is also sound. *Nobody's Daughter* is a comfortable little play, and the first act is a model of stage production.

"A BOLT FROM THE BLUE"

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

THIS is from the French, and it can hardly be said to have gained by its adaptation to the English stage. So many of the conditions that made for its success in Paris do not obtain in this country, and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, in his natural anxiety to respect British prejudices, has fallen between two stools. A scene in which two characters deliberately plot to murder a successful actress because she has threatened to spoil a great man's political career is not very acceptable to us; and we guess beforehand that the penniless man of good family who undertakes the commission will never carry out his purpose. The idea of a gentleman making friends with a lady and accepting her invitation to her flat, so that he may drug and rob her (with violence if necessary), is hardly a theme to be treated seriously in this country. Miss Irene Vanbrugh made all that was possible of the part of the fascinating actress, and Mr. Arthur Wontner did his best to make us believe that he really intended to carry out his sinful

Sketches from "A Bolt from the Blue" at the Duke of York's Theatre by Norman Morrow

programme; but nothing but the expected happened all the way through. The first act is taken up with the doings of a band of Apaches in their favourite *café*, but the scene did no more than furnish local colour of an indifferent kind for the desperate intentions of the leading characters, who, as it happened, were not Apaches at all. Mr. Dennis Eadie made a distinct impression as a wicked attorney, and Miss Frances Dillon, as a lady Apache with a fondness for fastening her garters in the limelight, was a distinct success; but I am afraid *A Bolt from the Blue* is not likely to prove one of the plays that matter.

"THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER"

AT THE LYRIC

IT says on the programme that this "parody" of Mr. Shaw's play is unauthorised. If that be really so, Mr. Shaw is entitled to our deepest sympathy. On the other hand, I have read that Mr. Shaw gave permission for the German version at least of his play, *Arms and the Man*, and I hope that the present apologetic "parody" will be a lesson to him not to do it again. If Mr. Shaw wanted to see his play mangled up for the purposes of comic opera it must have been either because he was suddenly seized with another of his attacks of craving for advertisement, or for some subtle business reason which I, having no commercial mind, cannot fathom. In either case, somebody who loves him ought to talk to him seriously about the dignity of the Higher Dramatists—assuming that such people have such a thing.

I THINK the plain fact is that Mr. Shaw's work as it stands is too witty for the ordinary musical mind to grasp. I have noticed that at comic operas people will laugh uproariously at "jokes" which, if perpetrated under normal conditions, would expose the jester to threats of serious personal violence. It was necessary, therefore, to strain off Mr. Shaw's robust humour, and serve it up again in a more attentuated form, so that it might not divert attention from the musical part of the programme. The essence of Mr. Shaw's humour is that it crystallises a half-truth so effectively that it passes for the moment as the real thing, even when you feel it is directed against the cherished convictions of a lifetime. A flash of real wit, even on the most controversial topic, compels laughter for the moment; but when it has been repeated once or twice in the verses of a song, and has been born again in the chorus, you feel that you want to rear up on your hind legs and argue about it instead. *The Chocolate Soldier*, therefore, is merely *Arms and the Man* humanely reduced to common terms for the masses. The skeleton of the plot remains, but the stuffing is of the conventional comic opera kind intended for wide popular consumption. On the other hand, I am informed that the music is the most charming that has been heard in London for some time, and a long and successful run is freely predicted for *The Chocolate Soldier*.

JINGLE.

Camera Picture **Mr. Oskar Strauss** [*Hoppé*

The composer of the music to *The Chocolate Soldier*, now running at the Lyric Theatre

A BYSTANDER IN CANADA

I.—AN EVENTFUL PASSAGE

(Being the record of Your Representative's Tour to and through that Hopeful Country)

ALL the world seemed to be going to Canada, so I thought I would go too. It is very easy to go there, so all the advertisements said. It takes a mere week, only four days being on the open ocean. A very nice ocean it can be, too—calm, with good sunsets. And I had been promised pheasants to shoot in October in Vancouver Island, if I got as far. I mean to get as far.

But this is about my steerage passage. When I mentioned to the courteous official of the line I wanted to go by the date I wished to start, he shook his head regretfully:

"All the first-class is booked," he said. "The Bishop of London and Archbishop Bourne are going out by it. We've had to turn down Lord ——." He mentioned several distinguished names, and added that the second-class was also very nearly full.

"Oh!" I said.

"You wouldn't care to go third?" he said.

"Steerage?" I said, and my heart bounded. In more youthful days I wanted to be a stowaway—since then I have thought that steerage would satisfy me. There is still some romance about it. Of course, it is no longer the old terrific ordeal it used to be. Nothing is. But it seemed good enough.

I only put two questions, prompted by the vile conventionalism that will stick to a man.

"Shall I have a Roumanian shepherd clothed in the untanned sheepskin inherited from his grandfather in my cabin?" I asked.

"We don't take them by these boats," said the official, and I brightened.

"Shall I be able to get a bath on board?" I queried, secondly.

"Yes," he said, and I took a ticket for six pounds, which would see me from London to Liverpool, and thence to Quebec.

Boarded the ship on a Friday afternoon, being preceded by a host of Scandinavians, men, women, and children, whose eyes the medical inspector examined with care. It appears that these otherwise desirable emigrants may carry an infectious disease of the eyes which is not wanted in Canada. My eyes were not handled, the shining sincerity of them being apparent to the doctor, who amiably smiled me past him.

TEN minutes later I was in the thick of a scrum for berths round the steward. There were nine hundred of us, remember, and at first we did everything by scrumming. To secure a berth, a wash, or a meal, or to watch a porpoise shoal or a passing steamer, we rushed together as to the pit in London on a big first night. I found that it gave a certain relish to the meal or the porpoise, as the case might be, and we quieted down later on.

Last thought as I sank upon my straw mattress on Friday night, pillowed upon my life-belt: "Thank heaven, I am in a four-berth cabin, with a port-hole attached."

SATURDAY.—Last night, after high tea, we were all very merry, and long before the bar opened the Scandinavians were dancing their folk-dances on the between-deck to the joyous strains of a concertina and a violin. There is none of the British self-consciousness about these peasants, most of whom are going out on to the land. There is one, a Norwegian, at my table whom I could almost wish more shy. When he sees the good things provided—such as buns and rolls—he rises in his seat, puts out a large, and, I am bound to add, dirty hand, leans right over my plate, and spears the desired provender. He is very vigorous with his knife, too, and has nearly cut off my ear twice. . . . We were very merry last night, but to-day the sea has overcome a large number. I don't know the precise number, but the decks had to be forded very carefully. Where the stricken person first felt the power of the Atlantic, there he lay down and was ill. It is not the thing to go for the side of the ship, or seek some private spot. The strange thing is that it's quite calm.

SUNDAY.—Calmer, if possible. People picking up again, aided by religious services of all sorts. I fancy singing must be good for sea-sickness. Hymns go with a swing. Scandinavians getting quite frivolous. Our table turned up in force to-day, with the exception of a small, rabbity Cockney boy, who is going out to his dad in Winnipeg. The others at the table are a brass metal-worker (has a job ready in Peterborough); a horse-breaker, quite a good man, with whom I have talked horses for hours; a smith, lately on the London and North-Western; a Durham miner, and Scandinavians—all good men for Canada, I should imagine. But I wish my neighbour at table would not help himself to butter with his egg-spoon.

TUESDAY.—Sports—a pandemonium, followed by distribution of prizes by the Bishop of London. Bishop described this as pandemonium too. But it shows what high spirits we are now in. Sunset fine, clouds overhead, but all gold in the West. Icebergs and whales about, so we are told.

WEDNESDAY.—A summer day beginning. Saw the lights of Belle Isle last night, which so enlivened some of the lower-deck passengers that they played mouth-organs and threw bottles about until long after midnight. We are making a record passage, and shall land early to-morrow. Here I must let the pen fall, for we are all off to prove that we have been vaccinated. Unless we have undergone that trial, we may not, however conscientious our objections may be, enter the Hopeful Country.

R. E. V.

Sublime in Its Simplicity

A PEACEFUL CORNER OF AN OLD-WORLD YORKSHIRE TOWN

Photographic Study by B. Ward-Thompson, F.R.P.S.

FAIR ISLE COTTAGES, WHITBY

An Ideal Mornin

REHEARSING FOR TH

Cub-hunting, which is simply the rehearsal of the "real thing," is now in full swing in most parts of the country. Our striking picture shows the South Devon Hounds at work in some lovely country near Rebble Bank. Much of the district covered by this pack consists of moorland, but it embraces some good woodlands, where the young hounds three mornings a week are busily scattering the litters of cubs. The oval picture on the left shows the fox being thrown to the hounds after the kill at Coombe Slate Quarry. That on the right shows Mr. H. F. Brunskill, the Master of the South Devon Foxhounds, calling in the stragglers. The fine weather of the present

g's Cub-Hunting

E HUNTING SEASON

month has tempted many enthusiasts to the early cub-hunting meets. Nothing is more enjoyable to the lover of houndwork than to watch the young entry learning their business in the tangled coverts on a crisp autumnal morning. What is needed for cub-hunting, once said an M.F.H., are plenty of foxes, not too many foot-people about to halloo and make a noise, a field of as many good and true sportsmen and sportswomen as take a real interest in the sport, the going soft enough to be pleasant, a real scent in covert, and a sufficiency of blood for the hounds. Those are the attributes of an ideal morning's hunting.

A FISH THAT DEFIES CAPTURE

FAILURE OF ANOTHER GALLANT ATTEMPT ON THE TUNA

Our angler starts in perfect weather, hoping to catch a tuna on rod and line

In his bait-net he descries entangled what he believes to be the coveted monster

NOT many game fish can still boast of having defied capture on rod and line, but this distinction certainly belongs to the tuna, or tunny, of Cape Breton Island. There is, indeed, some doubt whether an Atlantic tunny has ever been caught in this manner, but certainly this has not yet been accomplished in Canada. For the last three summers, Mr. J. K. L. Ross, a native of Montreal, making St. Ann's Bay his headquarters, has endeavoured to land one of these monsters, which weigh from 500 to 800 lb., but without success, having hooked between thirty and forty, all of which made their escape by breaking his tackle. This summer he was joined by two other sportsmen interested in big game fishing, Mr. C. S. Conn, of California, and Mr. F. G. Aflalo, well known to readers of THE BYSTANDER. Their efforts, however, were fruitless, and Mr. Aflalo did not even manage to hook one of the fish during a fortnight's fishing. The others just realised that

'Tis better to have hooked and lost
Than never to have hooked at all,

and no more, for all their fish got away. On his last day, with perfect weather, and tuna leaping right beneath his window at Englishtown, Mr. Aflalo went hopefully to his bait-net, only to find, entangled in it, like some huge spider in its web, a shark measuring 8 ft. and weighing close on 400 lb. This was the last blow, and, having stayed a week after the others, he also left the field, leaving the problem for solution by some more fortunate fisherman next summer. The thing can be done, and it is up to some champion of the British Sea Anglers' Society to earn a distinction so far competed for in vain.

And discovers, alas, that it is a shark (8 ft. long, 400 lb.). Will the tuna ever be captured on rod and line?

Father Time as an Expert Carver

THE "CULVER COW" ON BEMBRIDGE DOWNS, I.O.W.

Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

The work of Father Time on Bembridge Downs, which, by the way, is now the site of one of the most important wireless stations on our coasts (see oval inset), is causing a great deal of interest among visitors to that district. The top picture shows how our coasts are crumbling. It represents a fort, which little more than a decade since was occupied, now falling into the sea. The action of the weather on the face of the white cliff (bottom picture) has gradually brought out the outlines of what is now recognised as the "Culver Cow," and those who have once detected it cannot look at the cliff without the "Cow" striking their eyes. In order to make the "Cow" more apparent the small square inset has been cut from the larger view

The Highest Masonry Bridge in the World

Photograph] THE NEW BRIDGE AT CONSTANTINE, ALGERIA [*J. B. Vitte*

A masonry bridge of quite exceptional construction is being built in Algeria at Constantine. It crosses the picturesque gorge of the Rhumel River, and has a total length of about 1,500 ft. The crossing is over 100 yds. 330 ft. in height over the bed of the river, and the enormous difficulties were splendidly overcome by the constructors. The banks of the river are of a very inaccessible nature, so that intermediate support between the cliffs was impossible. Therefore it was necessary to extend the scaffolding section by section and sustain it by cables. For the auxiliary scaffolding in the middle section a cable bridge was employed. The second highest bridge in masonry is the bridge at Solis, in the Swiss Canton of Grisons, about 500 ft. long at a height of 292 ft. The third highest is in the Spanish province of Andalusia over the River Tagus at Ronda

The Scandalous Mrs. Delaporte

By LAURENCE NORTH
(Author of "Syrinx," etc.)

IT is almost actionable to say the "scandalous" Mrs. Delaporte; but in these days of careless speaking and writing, nobody, I imagine, will trouble to take proceedings on the mere title of a story. It might have been nearer the mark and safer to say the scandal of Mrs. Delaporte; but even there danger lurks, for the words still seem to accuse her of levity. Mrs. Delaporte's relation to the scandal is the sum and substance of this document, but it must be unfolded in an orderly and proper manner. In justice, however, be it said that the scandal was none of Mrs. Delaporte's making. That was all done for her most efficiently by the busybodies of Meadowsweet.

That desirable village lay far from the bruit of cities. It was fortunate in its situation, and thrice blessed in its remoteness from traffic. The nearest railway was five miles distant. Once a day an ancient and lumbering omnibus, believed by the local antiquary to be contemporary with Noah's Ark, which it resembles intimately, made the journey to the station. The people of Meadowsweet would not have endured any more rapid means of conveyance. They were a peculiar people, jealous for their retirement and fearful lest one day the world might find them out and send Jeremiah the Builder to work his wicked will upon the place. They resented intrusion, and watched every newcomer with the eye of leisured criticism. Well-to-do in an unpretentious way, but conscious of their own social worth and importance, the discoverers of Meadowsweet gloried in their exclusiveness. In the purely rustic part of the community they delighted: the villagers were so unspoiled, so easy of patronage. And upper Meadowsweet patronise them to its heart's content, living the while, rather elaborately, what it was pleased to consider the simple life. It had made workmen's cottages and small outlying farmhouses habitable; there were bathrooms and artistic wallpapers, and choice pieces of old furniture. Over all brooded a gentle air of culture and well-being. It seemed as though vulgar scandal could never touch this happy little Eden. But one day into the Paradise stepped Mrs. Delaporte.

When the Penderels, a delightful old couple, passed away within a week of each other, Meadowsweet, after the first pang of regret, began to wonder in a chastened way who would take their little house at the end of the village. Such changes, in the case of mere removal, were usually managed by mouth-to-mouth recommendation, and thus the atmosphere was kept pure; but old Major Penderel had foolishly left the property to his nephew, a brisk young soldier, who cared nothing for rusticity, and made haste to put the cottage into the hands of an agent. When the agent, a soulless creature, emblazoned the windows and the front garden with his aggressive placards, Meadowsweet's chastened wonder gave place to indignation. Such a thing had never happened before. It was terrible. Might it not be the beginning of the end? What if that dismal agent should see "possibilities of development" in Meadowsweet? Unspeakable!

Then one day the placards suddenly disappeared. Strange to say, they were not replaced by others with the usual legend, "Let by Skimpin and Timms." Meadowsweet began to hum with a subdued, well-bred murmur. This thing was in itself suspicious. Once the agent had come in, it would have been more decent, more reassuring, if he had done his work in the ordinary way, blatant as that might be. But here was an uncomfortable mystery.

Mr. Algernon Hopwood, retired civil servant, taking his morning walk past the cottage, beheld Lambourne, the local gardener, "tidying up," as that worthy said. Him then Mr. Hopwood addressed with winged words. But Lambourne had no comfort to offer. Capting Penderel, he did 'ear, had took the cottage out of the agent's 'ands sudden-like, saying he had made other arrangements. Nobody knew what were likely to 'appen. He, Lambourne, had merely been told to tidy-up once a week and send his bill in to the Capting.

These things, reported in due season, gave Mrs. Hopwood deep cause for reflection. The same afternoon she was at home to her friends, and the question of the Penderel cottage could not be kept out of the memorial. "If only we knew," sighed Mrs. Hopwood. "Now anything may be thrust upon us."

"In that case," said the Vicar's wife, "nobody need call. It will be simple enough."

"But a pariah in the camp would be so unpleasant," Mrs. Hopwood urged. "Hitherto we have been such a united family."

"What sort of man is Captain Penderel?" the Vicar's wife asked. "Does anybody know? He wasn't here at the funeral—the funerals, I should say. He was, you know, on his way home from Malta with his regiment at the time."

None of the women seemed to know anything, but Mr. Hopwood remembered that old Major Penderel had once said to him that Jack was a lively spark.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"That is nothing against him," the Vicar's wife summed up. Mrs. Dryden had two marriageable daughters, and she allowed herself to dream dreams. Perhaps the Captain intended to use the cottage himself now and then. He would be a pleasant and gallant addition to their society.

Mrs. Hopwood did not approve of this optimism. Her own daughter Laura was exceedingly plain, and seemed unlikely to do well for herself, whereas those Dryden girls were—well, favour was deceitful and beauty vain. Let Mrs. Dryden beware. Gay spark, indeed.

"I think," Mrs. Hopwood said, languidly, as if exploring the deeps of memory, "I once heard that Captain Penderel was a little inclined to be fast. I do trust he won't bring any undesirable people week-ending down here; that is, if he comes, which I think very unlikely."

"But I think it is most likely," little Mrs. Elmslie contended. "Otherwise he'd have allowed the agent to let the cottage for him. Or, perhaps," she added with the sweet innocence for which she was famous among her more worldly minded neighbours, "he has lent it to a friend."

Mrs. Elmslie could not understand why her random words made Mrs. Hopwood frown as she replied. "Then I sincerely hope his friends, whoever they are, will be nice people."

Everybody murmured a pious assent, and the subject dropped for the moment. But Mrs. Hopwood determined to keep a wary eye on the cottage. Preparations, if there were to be any preparations for a new tenant, could often tell one a great deal.

Mrs. Hopwood's eye was soon well-filled and busy. Painters came down from Town, and, after the manner of their profession, seemed to have taken up their abode for life in the Penderel cottage. The front door stood temptingly open from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, and one day, when the work seemed to be far enough advanced to give one some idea, Mrs. Hopwood could resist temptation no longer. The foreman painter had no objection. So Mrs. Hopwood entered in to spy out the land, and returned, bearing a rich Eschol-bunch of gossip.

This time it happened to be Mrs. Dryden's afternoon at home. Mrs. Hopwood went on there with her news.

"I ventured to take a run through 'The Nook' on my way here," she said, with easy detachment, as though the thing were of no importance.

"You have got a big smear of paint on your sleeve," Alice Dryden, the Vicar's eldest daughter, said with faint malice; "do come and let me try a little turpentine before it sinks in further."

The annoying digression took the edge off Mrs. Hopwood's communication a little, but when she and Alice returned, slightly redolent of the charitable work, she took up the running gallantly.

"At any rate," she began, "they seem to be people of good enough taste."

"Oh, is it pretty?" little Mrs. Elmslie asked.

"If anything, almost *too* pretty. The paint is nearly all white. The best bedroom is papered in *pink*. Pink! Somehow, the whole arrangement seems to suggest a woman. There is no sign of a man's room—study, or snuggery, or anything of that kind. And the big room upstairs is evidently a nursery. Giles, the carpenter, was putting bars across the window He said he didn't know the name of the people. He had his orders from Captain Penderel."

"He must be coming himself," Mrs. Elmslie cried. "Is he married, then?"

"It looks very like it," Mrs. Dryden admitted, seeing her castles in the air dissolve.

"I trust his wife is all right," Mrs. Hopwood said fervently. "Young officers are foolish sometimes. And——" suddenly she remembered the presence of the Dryden girls, and left her remark unfinished. "Anyhow, I hope Mrs. Penderel won't feel buried here after Malta, delightful as our darling Meadowsweet is."

A day or two later upper Meadowsweet had another thrill—and a disappointment. Mrs. Griffin, the char-lady, going her rounds, announced that a lady and a tall gentleman in a "moty-car" had paid a flying visit to "The Nook" on Sunday when everybody was at church. None of the elect of Meadowsweet had had the luck to see them. The elect mourned, and could not help thinking that the time chosen for the visit was rather queer, if not slightly suspicious. It was a sore point with the Vicar. His text that morning had been "And the trumpet shall sound," to which the hoot-toot of the motor-horn had given inopportune point, causing levity among the younger members of the congregation. He did not look forward with pleasure to Captain Penderel's advent.

That seemed to be very near now. In the fulness of time the painters and other workmen made an end, and the furniture vans arrived. An elderly, capable-looking domestic superintended the unpacking. A certain loftiness and reticence about this abigail grieved the ever-gleaning soul of Mrs. Griffin, who had been called in to scrub floors. One thing, however, Mrs. Griffin achieved, and it set Meadowsweet by the ears: she learned the name of the new tenant from a luggage label. Straightway Meadowsweet knew that the lady of "The Nook" was "Mrs. Delaporte."

Cheated of Captain Penderel, society plunged into new speculations concerning Mrs. Delaporte, for whom a watch was kept daily. The taciturn abigail had put up charming window-curtains. These did not win universal approval, for they were of a most delicately immoral green. Now, a chaste creamy white was the rule in Meadowsweet. It began to be very doubtful whether Mrs. Delaporte could be called upon. Meadowsweet felt the shadow of a pariah.

Then suddenly Meadowsweet woke up one morning to find that Mrs. Delaporte was already in its midst. Her coming was a mystery, but Mrs. Griffin shrewdly suspected the "moty-car." Nobody could speak with authority, for "The Nook" stood rather retired, just round the corner out of the village. At any rate, Mrs. Delaporte had come with her two children, a boy and a girl, aged four and three. There was no Mr. Delaporte.

"I don't like women who have no husband to show," Mrs. Hopwood said.

"Perhaps she's a widow," little Mrs. Elmslie said charitably.

"Perhaps," Mrs. Hopwood replied sceptically.

"Has anybody seen her yet?" Mrs. Dryden asked.

"Only Mrs. Griffin. She says Mrs. Delaporte doesn't dress like a widow. She seldom goes beyond the garden."

The ladies exchanged glances of intelligence. Sweet

(*Continued on page 606*)

Pencil Portraits of Stage Favourites

(DULY AUTOGRAPHED BY THEMSELVES)

MISS ZENA DARE: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY R. G. MATHEWS

(Previous issues containing drawings by R. G. Mathews of Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Winifrea Emery, Mlle. Anna Pavlova, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Elsie Spain, Miss Valli Valli, and Miss Laura Cowie, and by Harold H. Smith of Sir H. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, may be obtained from the Publisher)

(Continued from page 604)

Mrs. Elmslie's face softened with a kindly, mysterious interest.

"How many servants does she keep?" Mrs. Dryden asked.

"The elderly woman who came first seems to be nurse and general help. There's a cook and a little maid. The old woman says she was Mrs. Delaporte's nurse when she was little. That's all she has told of family history."

"It sounds rather respectable," Mrs. Elmslie cooed.

"What I should like to know," Mrs. Hopwood pursued, "is, if she is not a widow, *where* is the husband."

"I don't like people to be mysterious," Mrs. Dryden confessed, "especially if there is no occasion."

"There is usually occasion," Mrs. Hopwood said severely. "People who have nothing to conceal, conceal nothing."

Which weighty deliverance still further advanced Mrs. Hopwood in the eyes of Meadowsweet as a woman who not only saw into the heart of things, but could express herself thereon with force and point. Pondering the epigram, the church working-party broke up, and went home, determined to take further knowledge of Mrs. Delaporte before any calls were paid.

Things drifted until the day when Mrs. Delaporte was actually seen. To the naked eye she was exceeding fair, but that did not help her much when her case again came before the council.

"I thought her dress quite unsuitable."

"Her skirts were too short, even for the country."

"And did you see her stockings?"

"And her shoes?"

"I'm sure she can't be a lady."

"At any rate, there's apparently no good reason for her staying so much indoors or in the garden. Oh, if she'd been all right, she'd have taken care to be seen and to let it be known why she's here alone."

In charity the speakers' names are suppressed, save one.

"She has lovely hair, and I thought her awfully sweet-looking. The children, too, are little loves." Thus Mrs. Elmslie.

"Shall you call?"

"I may." The council stared. Any assertion of character from Gertrude Elmslie was a surprise.

Mrs. Dryden intervened. "I think, Gertrude, dear, I'll ask the Vicar to call before any of us go. Charles will see at a glance what is what. He is a wonderful judge of character."

The Vicar, good man, was exercised in his mind over this matter, not that he wished to think ill of Mrs. Delaporte, but various wifely hints and asides had let him see all too plainly the trend of feminine opinion. He knew how easily trouble arises in a small place, and he feared an open scandal.

"Be careful what you say, Beatrice, dear," he advised. "Mrs. Delaporte may have her own reasons for keeping herself to herself. And you might just suggest tactfully to Mrs. Hopwood to moderate her tongue. Actions for slander often arise out of nothing. The simplest way would be for you to call."

"I'd much rather you went first, Charles. Your pastoral visit has to be paid some time. It commits us to nothing. When I know what you think, I can go or not, as the case may be."

Now, the Vicar was not enamoured of his wife's plan. It threw too much onus on him, but he feared Beatrice, and, being weak, he dealt subtly, putting off the evil day. He might call, of course, and cut the knot by giving Mrs. Delaporte her credentials; but if he should be mistaken? He put the thought away from him.

Therefore the Vicar, seeing a solitary stranger's petticoat afar off upon the Common one fine afternoon, seized chance with both hands and hastened to pay his call. Luck was with him. Mrs. Delaporte was not at home.

"That is awkward," Beatrice Dryden said; "but, anyhow, until I know more about her, I am not at home to her."

Mrs. Delaporte certainly thought it rather singular that nobody had come to see her, but she was not distressed. They might take their own time. She had plenty to occupy her. But at last there came a day when she felt that she would like someone to speak to. She had had one visitor who found her at home, and after that she realised that she was a little isolated. A chance encounter led to her exchanging a few words with a stranger. The innocent incident passed and was forgotten. She did not dream that it could have any sinister results.

"Have you heard?" Mrs. Hopwood cried to Mrs. Dryden. "Gertrude Elmslie, the little fool, has actually called on that woman."

"Oh, that is nothing," Mrs. Dryden replied; "Gertrude's so kind-hearted. She'd call on Jezebel. But she ought to be more careful."

"I shall speak to her seriously," Mrs. Hopwood said. "The woman is impossible. A forward hussy! I didn't care to spread scandal, so I held my tongue, but do you know she made-up to Ernest?"

Ernest Hopwood, a good-looking Oxonian, had just come home for the Long Vacation.

"To Ernest?" Mrs. Dryden echoed.

"Does that surprise you? Ernest isn't so very unattractive."

"I meant, did she actually make-up to anyone?"

"She did—at the post-office. It appears that she was holding up her children to let them post letters when Ernest came along with his. Mrs. Delaporte, it seems, begged him to put his letters into the box at once, as the infants always took such a time over the ceremony. I believe they had quite a little chat. The boy came in and asked who was the jolly woman with two pretty children. I said, simply, 'Oh, no doubt Mrs. Delaporte; nobody calls on her here.' I must say I feel rather anxious. Ernest is susceptible. He's so fond of children, too. He said he'd have liked to have them up, if the mother had been possible. I told him it was out of the question, and I can only pray he'll think no more about it. I suppose it was her idea of courtesy to speak, but it was quite unnecessary."

"Quite," Mrs. Dryden agreed. "Our instinct was right, you see, Dorothy. I, too, am no scandal-monger, as you know, but I may tell you now of a rather deplorable thing. The motor-car has been at 'The Nook' again. Mrs. Griffin's boy Joe asked the 'chuvver' whose car it was, and the man said Captain Penderel's!"

"I was sure of it," Mrs. Hopwood cried in a low-pained voice. "What would the dear old Major

(Continued on page 608)

On His Mettle?

MR. LEWIS WALLER ON A SILVER PLAQUE

MR. LEWIS WALLER'S PORTRAIT IN SILVER

A remarkable study of Mr. Waller, who has just scored another "romantic" success in "Bardelys the Magnificent." The photograph is from a silver plaque by Mr. Percival Hedley, whose striking work in this delicate medium is well known

(Continued from page 606)

have thought? How unwise of him to leave the property to that villain."

"Villain, indeed," Mrs. Dryden said sadly, indignantly. "Mrs. Delaporte, it seems, saw him to the gate. Their parting was most affectionate, and the children would hardly let him go."

"Can't the Vicar do anything?"

"Charles says we have no proof, and we might all find ourselves up for criminal libel, if we didn't take care."

"At any rate, our duty is now plain."

"It is, quite," Mrs. Dryden agreed, and they shook hands on it.

Mrs. Delaporte now began to appear more frequently in public, and there were noses in the air whenever any of the elect met her in the village. Gradually it dawned upon her that she was not exactly *personâ grata*, but she was strong-minded and did not worry. She had come down here to be quiet, and she was getting her wish more perfectly than she could have imagined. Occasionally she and Mrs. Elmslie exchanged visits, for Gertrude refused to be dragooned, and the two women drew together very cordially. A little spice of original wickedness kept Mrs. Delaporte from saying the word that would have disarmed hostility. She had another reason for guarding her privacy. Explanation would have turned upon her too fierce a light, the thing she wished above all to avoid.

She had, however, to declare herself at last, and to an unlikely person.

After the manner of young gentlemen at college, Ernest Hopwood was a diligent seeker after romance. In Mrs. Delaporte he found it abundantly. In defiance of maternal law he always bowed. Sometimes he had a pleasant word, usually about the weather, from his enchantress. This drove him to poetry, and poetry drove him to indiscretion. One morning Mrs. Delaporte was amused and a little annoyed to find among her letters a series of impassioned, and not very original, sonnets, such as we have all written during a Long Vacation madness. Mrs. Delaporte, who had infinite humour, got over her annoyance, smiled, and waited. The hour when the Passionate Pilgrim made his daily journey past the sacred portal of "The Nook" found Mrs. Delaporte tying up some honeysuckle in the front garden. Through Ernest's mind flashed the opening of a new sonnet:

> "I saw my love up-binding
> honeysuckle."

Inspiration got no further (which was providential, considering the awful difficulties of rhyme), for the fair lady, smiling very sweetly, came forward to speak. Ernest could hardly believe his good fortune when he was invited to come in. Thrilling, he obeyed.

They went through the French-window into the drawing-room. Paradise, thought Ernest.

"Mr. Hopwood," the enchantress began in an even, kindly voice, the voice of an experienced woman, "I have to thank you for some very pretty verses."

The poet bowed.

"But," she went on, "please don't be offended if I ask you not to write me any more. I am not, as your poems suggest, a widow. To show you that I don't misunderstand your compliment, I am going to take you into my confidence, trusting to your honour as a gentleman not to betray me. See"—she opened the case of a miniature—"that is my husband—the best and bravest man in the world."

Ernest looked at the portrait. "I'm—I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Delaporte. Please forgive me. I've been a thundering ass."

"Don't say that. You're not the only man, remember, that has written me verses, which in itself is not idiotic, and some of yours are quite pretty. I forgive you. Of course, you recognise Major Delaporte?"

"Of course. He's in all the papers, and I saw him when he came up to get his D.C.L. after his last journey. I hope you have good news of him."

"There will be no news for many months to come. I just sit here and wait as patiently as I can. But this life is restful—bar the anxiety—after the continual lionisation we had to go through. It was so good of my brother, Captain Penderel, to lend me his cottage while my husband is away in the unknown. Here I can possess my soul in peace and wait."

Mrs. Delaporte paused, conscious of a third person's presence. She felt sure, she said, that a shadow had crossed the French-window. But when she looked out she declared there was no one to be seen.

Mrs. Hopwood, slightly flurried, got home before her son. She blessed Providence that she had not followed Ernest right into "The Nook," as she had been tempted in motherly zeal to do, when she saw him, poor fly, enticed in, as she had fancied, by the spider. And by waiting outside the window she had learned so much that was reassuring. Who would have thought that she was *the* Mrs. Delaporte? How dense Beatrice Dryden had been!

Perhaps the spider had seen something, after all, for next day, when Mrs. Hopwood called, the maid said Mrs. Delaporte was not at home. Nor was she ever at home to Mrs. Hopwood and the other members of the Meadowsweet Vehmgericht, Gertrude Elmslie alone excepted.

LAURENCE NORTH.

The Land of the Rising Sun

Summer Pastimes, Ltd.

Secretary of a Football Company *(on the Grand Stand)*: "Yes, it's a bit hot—but then look at the gate, boys!"

(The Football Season, thanks to the Football Association, Ltd., starts annually on September 1, and the opening matches are usually played in sweltteringly hot weather)

BY H. M. BATEMAN

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Player, the Law-maker, and the Critic

There is an old-standing antagonism between the golfer who plays the game without troubling his head overmuch with anything beyond his particular match and the form, good or bad, in which he is performing, and the unfortunate critic who is bound to take account of what, for want of a better term, may be styled the high politics of the pastime. The former will tell you that he does not care a jot about this or that burning question of the game provided he can play on a decent course with an agreeable partner, such partner being one whom he thinks he can beat in a tight match. You may ask him what he thinks of the latest alteration in the rules, and he will blandly inquire, "What alteration in what rule?" and when you enlighten him will say, as an old golfer said to me not long ago, "Oh, hang the rules; I have long ago ceased to bother about them. If the man I have a game with keeps on trotting out the rules I soon look out for another partner. They are always altering the beastly rules, but I think I know how the game ought to be played and how gentlemen should play it, and that is quite enough for me."

Photograph **On the Wei-Hai-Wei Links** [*Sport and General*

The player is approaching the 8th green, which is composed of well-rolled mud, grass not being available in these parts

An Examination in the Rules

As another famous player once said, "I don't want to be forced to take out the family solicitor with me when I am playing a match." That is the view of a great number of players who are not concerned with anything beyond their enjoyment of their daily or weekly game. Indeed, if a general examination were set among members of clubs throughout the land in the rules of golf I tremble to think how few would pass through the ordeal without being ploughed. I remember once speaking to my friend, Mr. Linskill, the father of 'Varsity golf, on this topic, and he petrified me by informing me that he could recite the rules by heart, somewhat in the manner of my tutor at Eton, who used to ask his pupils to put him on at any passage of Horace, and who never failed to carry on the quotation to a correct finish.

Conflicting Decisions

Whether Mr. Linskill has got the latest code by heart I know not. Even his prodigious *memoria technica* may have quailed at the task. But after all, rules must be made, and as the game comes more and more under the critical public eye, cases are bound to arise for which some legislation must be provided. Even the latest code is not infallible or perfect, as the Editor of *Golf Illustrated*, with the *ingenium perfervidum Scotorum*, has discovered. The particular conundrum which he has propounded for the consideration of the "Rules Committee" deals with the matter of "claims" and "disputes," and to the dispassionate observer it would appear that Mr. Garden Smith has got the "Committee" on the horns of a dilemma, one horn being provided by a certain decision of theirs, and the other horn by another decision which flatly contradicts the first. Yet the ordinary player would probably say, "Oh, hang the critic, and hang the Committee! What do I care how the one criticises what the other decides as long as the course is in good order and the putting-greens run true?"

A Thankless Task

But there has got to be a Rules Committee, and there will always be critics, and no one will in fairness deny that each serves a useful purpose. Probably, if either were lax in their duties, our friend the ordinary player would be the first to complain. Possibly, also, his daily game would not be conducted so easily or smoothly but for the existence of self-sacrificing players ready to take up the thankless task of keeping the laws of the game in order, or those other infamous ruffians who have the still more thankless task allotted to them of pointing out the mistakes of the aforesaid law-givers.

A Cure for "Grouchers"

It might be a salutary experiment to transport some of the British contingent of "grouchers" (as they call them in America), who are prepared to find fault with a green if one blade of grass is one-eighth of an inch longer than the rest, to the Wei-Hai-Wei links, shown in our illustration. When they found themselves condemned to putt on mud they would learn to appreciate the value of a little greenery, even if it were not absolutely true. Rolling will do a good deal, but the best-rolled mud will always feel dead, and the worst collection of plantains and clover has in it more of the "inspiration" feeling which is the only real charm of putting.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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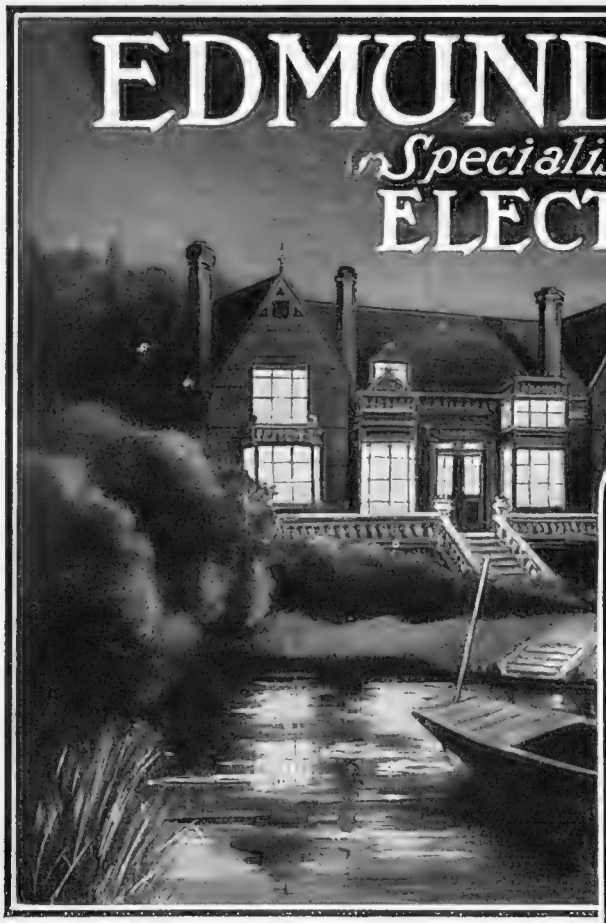

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Rowing: Amateurs and "Pros.": Lawn Tennis

The Last Days of the Lawn Tennis Season: A Big Match at the Hythe Meeting

H. Roper Barrett was the man of the moment at the Hythe Tournament, which finished on September 10. He won both the Singles and Doubles, C. P. Dixon, his Doubles partner, being also his opponent in the final of the Singles. The great Eastbourne Tournament, which began last week, practically brought the season to a close

Professionalism at a Discount

It is more than doubtful whether anyone in England—except, perhaps, some of the numerous but negligible class whose conversation consists in telling each other "bits" out of the evening papers, and who believe that because they see it in the *Daily Mail* it is so—really took more than a shadowy interest in the Great Championship of the World, Arnst *v.* Barry, Sculling Race, in spite of the fact that it was organised by that celebrated linguist, Guy Nickalls, and pretty well boomed in the sporting papers. The fact is that the right sort of sporting public doesn't, at the bottom of its heart, give a tinker's imprecation for purely professional sport.

The Amateur Hero

League Soccer, of course, is barred in all decent society; and even in cricket, good fellows as many of them are, who honestly cares very much what the "pros." do? If Hutchings and Humphreys both make a century, which do we talk about? It is the amateurs on whom all genuine interest fixes, whose goings and comings cause the thrills. The two or three leading golf "pros." come nearest to being exceptions; but again I would ask—which would move us most, a 65 by Braid or John Ball, a hot finish between Vardon and Taylor or John Graham and Harold Hilton? And then, too, golf is, for about 101 reasons, different from any other sport—there are even those (vain ones, indeed) who would contend that it is no sport at all. As for professional rowing, there is not a name connected with it that is known a mile from the river banks.

England v. Australia: Rowing—

It is this, I am sure, and not distance that lent disenchantment to the view of the Zambesi match. The proposal which is now mooted, to have an amateur rowing race over the same course between crews representing England and Australia, is quite another pair of shoes. That, if it can be worked, may be a good thing and a big thing, possibly as big as the Yale-Harvard match against our 'Varsities which took place on the Thames a year or two ago. Australia as a rowing nation is practically an unknown quantity to us. She may not be in the same street; on the other hand, with the example of lawn tennis before us, we cannot be sure that she will not, when it comes to the pinch, turn out a crew of aquatic Brookes's and Wildings. Of course, the question of amateur status will have to be placed absolutely beyond the reach of doubt if the race is to be worth anything.

—And Lawn Tennis

Talking about Australia and lawn tennis, there is reason to hope that the Davis Cup business will—at last—be settled one way or another this week. A meeting of our International Match Committee is to be held on Friday, and the results of the Eastbourne tournament, which will be finished by then, may have considerable bearing on the composition of the team if we decide to send one. For it is possible, and indeed probable, that some change will be made in the original selections. "Mavro" is obviously stale; W. C. Crawley, a former international, has been doing very well, and has a notable victory over Ritchie at Brighton to his credit; possibly the claims of Beamish, who has given up serving batches of double faults and is a capital Doubles player, may also come under review in the final reconsideration.

Coming Off the Grass

The grass lawn tennis season is just nearing the end, and its sun is setting in an even more roseate glow of glory than usual. Brighton, Hythe, and the last great re-union at Eastbourne all drew exceptionally large crowds, and not only the quantity but the quality of the play has been a rebuke to the pessimists who had begun to despair of the republic. I hope to deal more fully next week with some of the features of the really very interesting season of 1910.

LOOK AT YOUR "PARTING."

LEARN THE CONDITION OF YOUR HAIR.

FREE SUPPLY OF EVERYTHING NEEDED FOR ONE WEEK'S REINVIGORATION OF YOUR HAIR'S GROWTH AND BEAUTY.

Baldness is one of the most insidious of toilet troubles.

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That in its turn is the reason why so many men and women suffer from partial or total Baldness or Hair-Poverty at the present time, even although they are still quite young in years.

In the opinion of the greatest Hair Specialist in the world, Mr. Edwards, the discoverer of "Harlene" and "Harlene Hair-Drill," Baldness, just like Greyness, Dulness, and other signs of Hair-Poverty, is never absolutely incurable, even in its most advanced stages, if proper remedial methods are adopted.

But it is in this quiet, unobtrusive manner that Baldness generally begins, so that we do not notice its approach until it has already secured a firm hold upon the hair.

The "Danger Line"

With both men and women, for instance, Baldness or Hair-Thinning often begins at the parting.

Here is the danger zone, or, rather, to be accurate, the danger line.

Presently, in the "brushing and combing" process, a few of these weakly hairs fall out and are not replaced by a new growth.

Even then you don't realise what is happening.

The most you notice is that your hair parts more easily than it used to do, that the parting is more distinct, but this rather gratifies you than otherwise. And all the time by slow, steady, and almost imperceptible degrees the parting in your hair is growing wider and wider, and more and more distinct, until one day you suddenly wake up to the fact that this is no natural, normal, healthy process that is going on, but the advance of

Do This Before Your Mirror:

Comb and brush your hair as usual. Then pull the scalp in the two directions created by the parting. This will serve to show you the true state of affairs with your hair. If you notice a thinness or widening of the parting, do not lose a day in sending for the Harlene Hair-Drill Outfit, which contains all instructions and materials for restoring health and vigour to the languishing hair-roots. Write to-day, and within 7 days you will be delighted with the improvement.

Baldness or Hair-Thinning

itself, a condition of Hair-Poverty which has already assumed in your case a very serious character.

When you wake in the morning do you ever, for instance, find any hairs on your pillow which have fallen out whilst you were asleep? This is a sign that the hairs are becoming loosely rooted in their follicles, and if this tendency is not checked (as you can check it by the splendid free method mentioned in this article) your hair will become very thin and "skimpy" indeed.

Here is another test!

Pass your comb several times through your hair and give it a good brushing besides with a brush that possesses fairly long bristles.

Now look at your brush and comb, and if you find them almost "choked up" with hair that has come out in the operation, write at once to Mr. Edwards for his Free Toilet Outfit and help your hair to regain its health, strength, and beauty.

Ladies especially will heed these tests.

For to the fair sex the possession of luxuriant tresses means the possession, too, of an attractive and youthful appearance.

Beautiful hair is the crown of woman's looks, the acme of attractions. And beautiful hair is healthy hair; and healthy hair is hair that has been "Drilled with Harlene," as every woman knows, that delightful Harlene Hair Tonic and Grower which is used regularly every day by the most beautiful women in the British Empire, whether in Society or on the Stage.

If, however, you are a member of the sterner sex, then the best advice you can be given is this: "Look to your parting." And if there you see signs of oncoming baldness, if the parting itself is growing wider and your hair on either side is becoming thin and scanty, accept the wonderful generous free offer which Mr. Edwards is making you to-day.

Generous Offer by the World's Greatest Toilet Specialist

To every reader of this journal, then, lady or gentleman, young or old, who wants to improve the condition of her or his hair, Mr. Edwards will send, free of charge, everything required for stimulating its growth and rendering more glossy and attractive looking its condition.

He will send you (if you will fill up the coupon given below and post it to him to-day) a complete Outfit for cultivating your hair in strength, luxuriance, and beauty.

In this Outfit you will find:—

1. **A free Bottle of that wonderful Dressing Tonic and Grower, "Harlene for the Hair."**
2. **A supply of that equally popular Shampoo Powder for Home use, "Cremex for the Scalp."**
3. **The complete rules for carrying out the world-famous Toilet-practice of "Hair-Drill."**

Parting or no parting, then, write for this valuable free Toilet Outfit.

Now is the time. Write to-day to Mr. Edwards, The Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C. (enclosing 3*d.* in stamps to pay postage), and the Outfit will reach you by return of post.

If you are satisfied with the results of the one week's Free Trial, and wish to continue "Harlene Hair-Drill" Toilet Culture, you can obtain further supplies from all the leading chemists and stores throughout the World, or post free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., at the following prices:

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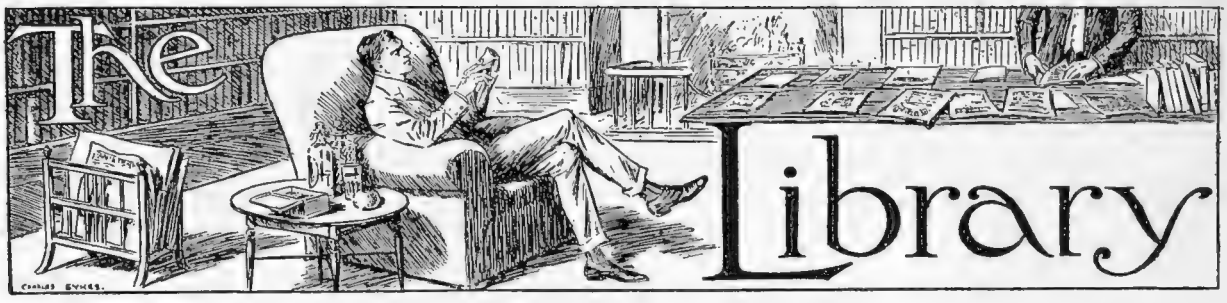

The Late Mr. Podmore's Spiritualism

Whether the suicide of the late Mr. Frank Podmore were premeditated or not was not, I believe, satisfactorily settled. But if his posthumous book, *The Newer Spiritualism*, may be taken as somewhat belated evidence, my impression is certainly not that it is the work of a man contemplating death. Anyone who had devoted a good part of his life to the tremendously important subject of Spiritualism would certainly desire, before leaving this world, to bequeath some definite statement of his fixed conclusions, and this is exactly what Mr. Podmore has not done. This is a book rather of Inconclusions. It tells us exhaustively and in great detail what Mr. Podmore does not know on the subject. It is a book of doubt, not even philosophic doubt; a most unsatisfactory publication.

Mere Scepticism

This is essentially a decade of a desire for Faith. We are looking for positive conviction on all subjects, and we are all heartily sick of the sceptic. One of the many subjects for which we clamour for light is Spiritualism. That "there's something in it" nine people out of ten incline to believe. But *what?* Well, here is Mr. Podmore's posthumous book. What has he to offer us? We expect a careful and cogent statement of the grounds for belief in the existence of a spiritual kingdom, supported by evidence. Mr. Podmore, however, is meagre in his treatment of the theoretical side of his subject. He contributes nothing whatever to the philosophy of it, and his lamented death leaves a name without lustre. There is scarcely a single quotable dictum in the book which justifies its title in the slightest way. The careers of six or seven *media* are taken and briefly narrated. Their experiments are carefully described. From these, the tyro concludes that there is at least a *primâ facie* case for Spiritualism. But, in criticism of the experiments (table-turning, accordion playing, mesmerism, telepathy, etc., etc.), all that Mr. Podmore has left us is a few supercilious scepticisms, insinuating possible fraud. Really, anybody can go to a set of *séances* and suggest that the medium *may* be a humbug, but one looks for rather more from the expert. One demands something positive; either a conviction or an acquittal. "Instead of which," hardly a single one of Mr. Podmore's defendants leaves the court without a stain on his character. Very, very wonderful, he says to each of them—but you may be a trickster! That is all he has to say anent Eusapia, Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Thompson, and other celebrated *media*, who are at least entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

A Shrug of the Shoulders

If Mr. Podmore had nothing more than a shrug of the shoulders to offer the world on a subject upon which it is becoming deeply interested, it is a pity he did not elect, before issuing a book under this ambitious title, to wait until he had. The work is, as a consequence, valuable solely as one of reference should any psychical student desire to have a few dates, names, and folios of publications. The real book on *The Newer Spiritualism* has still to be written.

The Romance of of Publishing

There must be a wonderful fascination for the general public in an inside account of the conduct of a publishing business, and Mr. Lacon Watson should reap the benefit of it. *Barker's* (John Murray: 6*s.*) is an able novel, practically set entirely in London, and concerns an attempt to introduce new methods into a publishing business that had earned an honourable name (if not many dividends) by producing Low Church theological works. A splendidly enthusiastic young fellow named Fairfax, of whose career Mr. Watson should certainly give us more in another novel, strives boldly to triumph over his inexperience by sheer dogged pluck and determination. It would be a pity to spoil the reader's enjoyment by saying whether he fails or succeeds. The book is written in the first person, by a novelist, and he is very likeable. There are some delightful splashes of humour in the writing. For instance, a church steeple is spoken of as peeping over the roof of a house like an awkward husband waiting to be introduced. I was sorry to finish so entertaining a story.

Sensationalism

African curios, a mummy, coloured men, a detective who quotes Latin and Shakespeare, three murders, many misprints, and some patches of love-making make up Mrs. Gaunt's latest novel, *Th Mummy Moves* (Werner Laurie: 6*s.*). It is a good old-fashioned detective story, spoilt by some quite unsatisfactory explanations at the finish. There is plenty of evidence in the book that its authoress might write an excellent novel, would she only leave cheap sensationalism alone.

"A Welsh Heroine"

Mrs. Irene Saunderson writes of the Welsh as she has known them all her life, and her writing is pleasant and most instructive (Lynwood: 6*s.*). But the days of the ultra-dialect novel have gone by, and one gets tired of having to translate the dialogues of illiterate Welsh women into common English. Apart from this defect, which is most annoying, the character-drawing and the general matter of this little book are good. To-day, however, we have given up eating Brazil nuts, for their shells are too hard to crack, and I fear that the difficulty of extracting the kernel of excellence from this work will prove too much for the modern reader. If this good lady would only write her experiences in our own tongue her book would have an interest for all.

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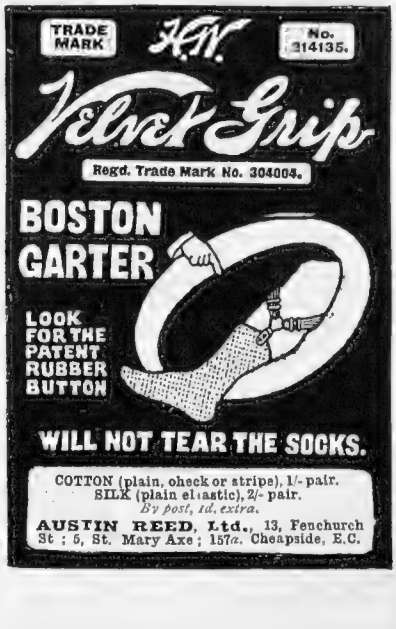
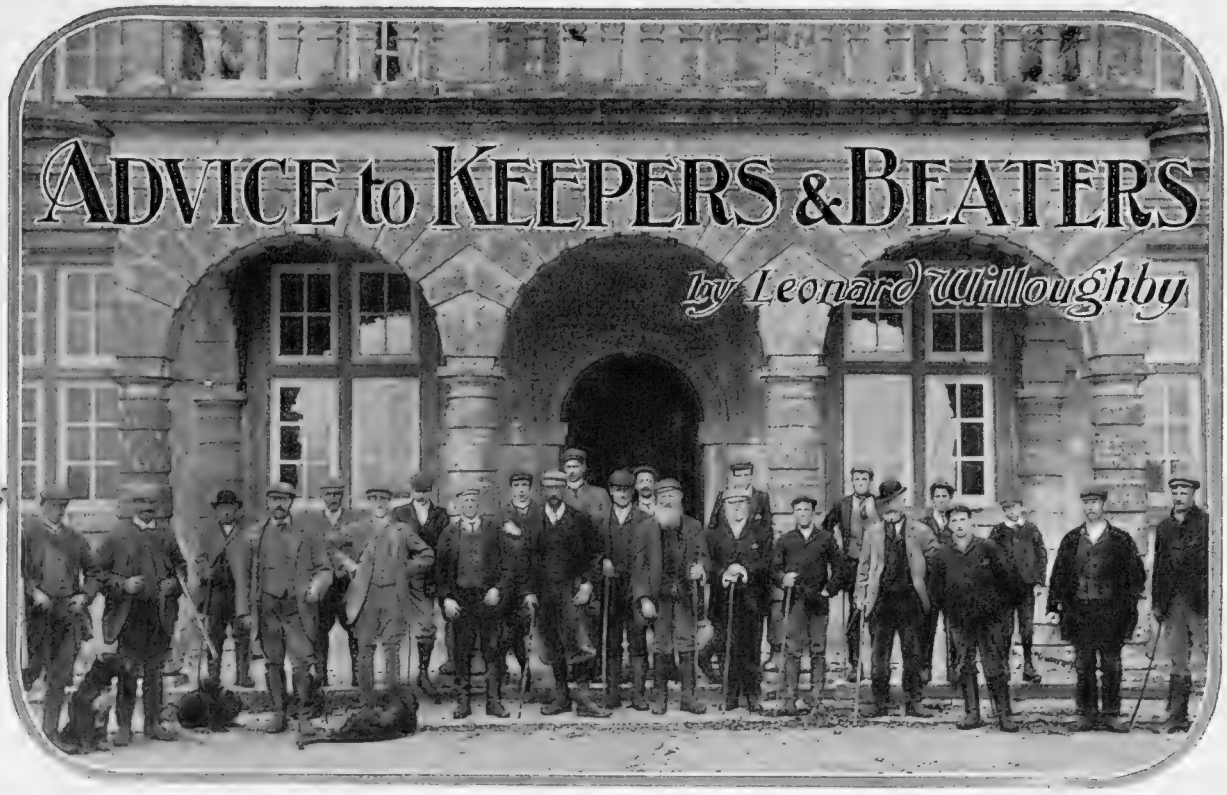


ADVICE to KEEPERS & BEATERS

by Leonard Willoughby



Keepers and Beaters on Lord Sherborne's Estate in Gloucestershire

IT is quite possible that every shooting reader of THE BYSTANDER has been out on occasions when keepers and beaters have been permitted to make any sort of noise they please. It is a curious thing that the average beater thinks it always necessary to make weird sounds when beating a covert. They are not content to walk quietly along merely tapping trees with their sticks or thrusting them into bushes and thick undergrowth, but they must emit cries calculated to frighten every bird out of covert and even off the estate. This certainly is not what is required. I have also noticed that if by any chance a rabbit is sighted in a turnip field or anywhere it sends most beaters into a state bordering on hysterics or apoplexy with screaming. It is quite unnecessary for me to describe all this further, for we have all witnessed it. I can only say, however, that such practice allowed on a shoot stamps it at once as belonging to a thoroughly ignorant owner, one who knows nothing of how shooting should be conducted.

In beating, men cannot be too quiet with their mouths; no shouting or whistling is necessary, neither are noises peculiar to urging on horses at all required to put up game. Owners should insist on the head keeper maintaining perfect order and quiet, and they themselves must set the example. Too often do we hear a keeper warning men not to shout, yet all the time he keeps hollering and yelling at the men himself. All this noise is the very worst possible trait in a keeper, and stamps both master and keeper in an instant. There is another scene which too often is witnessed. A beater or keeper will pick up a wounded bird, rabbit, or hare and walk along with it through a whole beat without immediately killing it. Whether they, in their ignorance, think it smart or clever to do this I cannot say, though it always makes my blood boil when I see it, and I invariably express myself pretty freely to the callous brutes. Beaters who make noises or act cruelly should be either sent home as a lesson to others or never allowed to come and beat again.

It is a really good plan to dress beaters in smock frocks made specially for the purpose by firms who supply shooting requisites. These save the men's own clothes when beating, they keep them dry, and they are easy for the guns in front to see. If a conspicuous number is placed on the belt in front of each smock it enables a "gun" to report No. . . . if he sees anything happening which the head keeper has failed to notice. Keeping bad line, lagging, shirking, cruelty, and noise are all common faults of beaters, and unless they realise that rigid discipline is to be maintained they will, in their ignorance, soon make these faults apparent—especially after lunch and a pot or two of ale. I have seen men smoking when beating, and I have caught keepers actually doing the same! An owner who permits this sort of thing deserves all he gets. He is past praying for.

It is, without doubt, a great pleasure to true sportsmen to see coverts well and quietly beaten, and driving properly conducted; in fact, I often think it is by no means the least enjoyable part of a day's shoot. Then, too, the bags are probably larger in conseqence, and birds fly better and go where they are intended to go. Of course, it is very difficult for keepers to maintain discipline on those shoots where the party of guns are conspicuous by their own want of knowledge of the way to behave in the shooting field. If "guns" will talk loudly, and tell stories which are best kept for the smoking-room after dinner, or are everlastingly wanting and taking liquid refreshments after each beat, why then their example is enough to upset everything. What really good keepers think of this class of shooters may be realised!

RACING NOTIONS: Newbury. By CARBINE

The Cesarewitch

It is rather absurd to attempt to deliver any definite opinion on the Cesarewitch until we know what Mr. J. de Rothschild intends to do with Bronzino and Laughing Mirror. Possibly that amiable young sportsman is at present as much in the dark as to his own intentions as we are. I strongly advise you to take no notice of the betting on the Cesarewitch that was quoted last week, as up to now there has been no inspired move for either of Mr. Rothschild's candidates, nor will there be until after the Newbury Autumn Cup this week. An owner is lucky who finds himself with two Cesarewitch horses like Bronzino and Laughing Mirror, but the position is not without its embarrassing side, for home gallops are sometimes very untrustworthy, and it would be easy to make a blunder in attempting to pick the right one for the race in question.

The Rothschild Pair

I would not for the world presume to advise Mr. Rothschild and his clever trainer as to what to do with their own horses, but if the pair were mine I think I should let Laughing Mirror go for the Newbury race and save Bronzino for the Newmarket event. In the way of trials the latter did all that could be possibly wanted of him in his two races at Doncaster. I should dearly like to see so natural a stayer allowed to take his chance in the historic Cesarewitch. Barring accidents, I believe Mr. Rothschild's selected representative will be a strong first favourite on the day of the Cesarewitch, and, what is more, will win. For the Cambridgeshire I am told that Rhodora may be a danger. This lovely mare has not run in a race this season, but is looking and moving very well just now, says one who has seen her in Ireland.

Newbury Autumn Cup

This is the chief event of the week, and it remains to be seen which of Mr. J. de Rothschild's pair will be picked for the task. I content myself with relying upon **Laughing Mirror** or **Bronzino.** For the valuable Autumn Produce Stakes on the same afternoon my selection is **Cyllius.** On Saturday at the popular Berkshire gathering **Lonawand** has a good chance of winning the Kingsclere Stakes, and for the Highclere Nursery **Persepolis** may be worth following. At Windsor on Thursday **Torbay** may take the September Handicap.

"A Turf Topic."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

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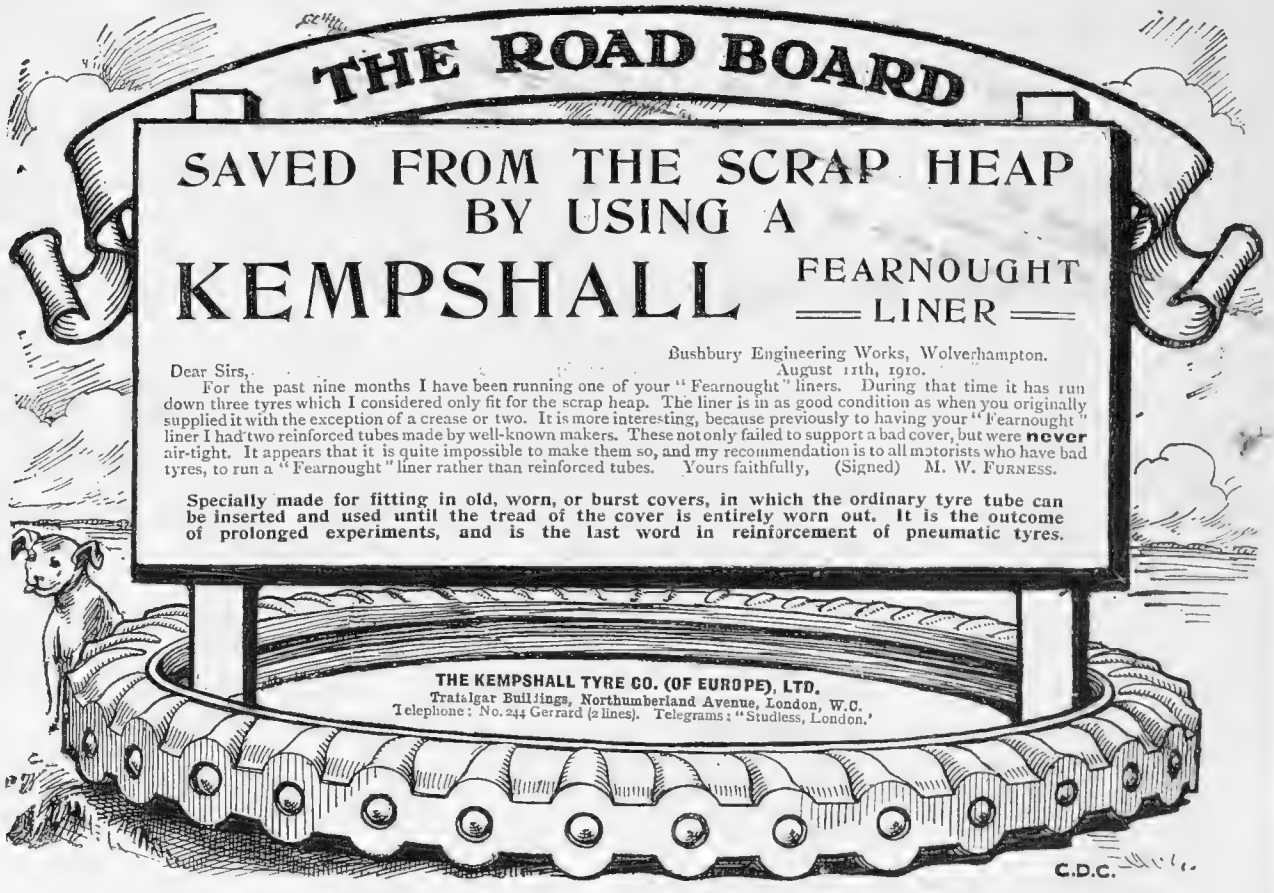

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MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

An Echo of Leopardstown

"How much will they lose?" asked a mild and inoffensive BYSTANDER heading to a short note in anticipation of the Leopardstown flying meeting—a pertinent question enough in view of the lugubrious losses at flying meetings on this side. A writer in the organ of Irish automobilism replies, in terms that suggest a little heat mixed with a little irony, that nothing was lost. Excellent! And the reason may, perhaps, be found in the remark of my friend the Editor of the *Aero*: "Naturally," he comments, "the first Irish meeting was not a meeting at all in the usual acceptance of the term"! It consisted, in point of fact, of two days of exhibition flying by Grace, Drexel, and Dickson, and upon one of the days most of the flying was done on the ground owing to inclement weather! That need not detract from our appreciation of the fine work which the three distinguished aviators named *were* able to do, nor from our appreciation of the sound organisation that contributed so much to the total success of the gathering. Nor is it a reflection upon the sense of humour of the Irish people that their representative, and our critic on this occasion, failed to detect the delicate humour that was intermingled with the pertinence of the heading to which exception, for some obscure reason, is taken.

Advance—Ireland

Ireland is indeed progressing quite effectively from its position as the distressful country of motoring. It has made an aviation meeting pay (I readily accept the word of the critic aforementioned as to that, in the absence of the balance-sheet evidence). It can, I believe, boast in Mr. Ferguson, of Belfast, the only Britisher who has designed an aeroplane, built it outright, and personally piloted it in flight. The taxi-cab is rapidly approaching Dublin, hitherto a hotbed of vehicular reaction. (Through the instrumentality and generosity of Mr. Harvey du Cros, the jarvey is to be trained in the mechanics and management of a motor without charge.) The return of mechanically-propelled vehicles in the island shows a very healthy increase during the past year—although if the proportion of steam-rollers were higher there would be less cause for complaint against the atrocious roads of an otherwise beautiful touring country than there is at present. Several large firms are experimenting with, and some of them have already adapted, motor haulage. Loraine (a much more euphonious name than the pseudonymical "Jones" he started his aviatory career with) chooses Ireland as his objective, and succeeds at the first attempt in putting up the most magnificent (cross-Channel) flight that history has been able to record since the flight of the Children of Israel into the wilderness. The Wellman airship, which did *not* reach the North Pole, expects to have better success when he sets sail from New York to cross the Altantic, and will doubtless be exceedingly glad to see Ireland if only through a glass darkly. The egregious English and the unspeakable Scots will have to take a grip upon any laurels they happen to possess or the Irish will be upon them.

Motoring IN Ireland!

The coming of the heavy motor char-a-banc to roads which serve well enough for the lighter vehicle has worked havoc between Killarney and the coast. Not for the first time the coach sank last week through the thin crust of the road about four miles outside Kenmare, completely blocking the way and holding up several other cars which had to return the way they came! Road Reform is a burning question in the distressful country

Playing Ostrich

America, not to be outdone by the inhabitants of its Irish ante-room, has also made its first aviation meeting pay. The Boston (Mass.) gathering is expected to show a credit balance of anything between £10,000 and £30,000; and, at any rate, hope is permissible. The meeting was certainly notable for the overwhelming success of Graham White, who, by winning £4,500 in prize money, left every other competitor out of sight; and was notable again for the remarkable opinion expressed by Admiral Dewey that bombs thrown from aeroplanes would affect battleships about as much as confetti! Possibly Admiral Dewey believes that. And possibly, if the aviator made no better practice than some of Admiral Dewey's ships were reported to have made, he has some ground for the belief. But a nicely proportioned package of efficient explosives dropping from a good height on to a fighting ship's deck might be found rather rude confetti! And the chances are that a first experience on *his* vessel would be found quite sufficient to remove any misunderstanding that may be in Admiral Dewey's mind concerning the possibilities of air armaments. The French are, at any rate, offering no hostages to fortune. The grand manœuvres now in operation have found experimental use for twelve aeroplanes, which have very emphatically demonstrated their utility under climatic conditions which have put the dirigibles completely out of action. It would, therefore, be better wisdom in an Admiral if he endeavoured to play some other rôle than ostrich.

Tell-Tale Straws

Let me revert for a moment to the matter of road trials and races concerning which I made a few remarks last week. The temper of some of the firms who are perforce acquiescing in the majority decision of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders to have nothing to do with such events in the Kingdom popularly supposed to be United, may be gauged from the participation of the Vauxhall team in the Prince Henry last June (from which the car emerged with no small credit), and again from the entry of a team of Calthorpes for the 350-mile road race over the Boulogne course which constitutes the (pending) competition for the Coupe des Voiturettes. The Vauxhall is, of course, one of the classic examples of the profit of such events to a comparatively new car fighting for a chance to demonstrate its qualities to the market. In another degree the Calthorpe may be taken as a further example of the same thing. Its consistent running in reliability trials, and, again, the splendid effort it made in the Four-Inch race, introduced it strongly to public notice.

Holidays in Kent and Sussex

Cheap tickets, available for various periods, are issued during September and October from certain London and suburban stations by South Eastern and Chatham Railway to Folkestone, Hythe, Canterbury, Birchington, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Deal, Herne Bay, Dover, Tunbridge Wells, Bexhill-on-Sea, Hastings, St. Leonards, etc. A holiday programme containing full particulars of cheap tickets may be obtained upon application to Vincent W. Hill, S.E. and C. Railway, London Bridge Station, S.E.

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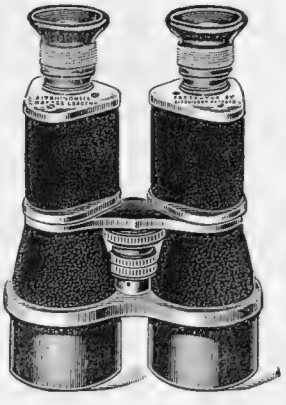

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The Lawn in Autumn

It must be a strange lawn that has turned brown this summer. Owing to the damp and the low temperature growth has been continuous, and the lawn-mower has had much more work than usual. But the ground has been remarkably soft, especially in the case of sunk lawns, which, excellent though they are in many ways, are apt to carry more moisture than their higher surroundings, and where it has been much used for tennis or croquet the surface is a good deal cut up. A heavy roller will effect some improvement, but it may be necessary to re-turf some of the worst places, and this should be done now. The presence of moss is a sign that the drainage is defective. Unfortunately, this is a condition which is rarely easy and always expensive to remedy. When anything of the kind is impracticable, scratching the surface with a sharp rake is sometimes recommended as a means of removing the moss, but it really does very little good. Watering with a weak solution of sulphate of iron is better. At the same time, the grass should be stimulated to grow and spread by the application of some artificial fertiliser such as bone meal. Nitrate of soda is very powerful in its effects, but must not be used often as it coarsens the grass. Nearly every lawn may be improved by scattering some seed over it annually, not necessarily over the whole of it, but at least over the thinner parts. The seed must be protected from birds, but this can easily be done by means of the strawberry netting.

Inspecting the Mixed Border

Now that many of the plants in the mixed border have finished flowering, it is advisable to go round and make a note of which should be taken out, reduced in size, or removed to more suitable positions. The idea that perennials are plants which live for ever seems to be not uncommon. As a matter of fact, they may or may not live for a number of years. Iceland poppies, though classed as perennials, often run their course within twelve months; but long before they reach the end of their existence there comes a time when they are so enfeebled that they are not worth growing. The age which they attain depends in no small measure on their power to move. In the case of most trees and shrubs the movement is confined to the roots; but in the case of very many herbaceous perennials the plants themselves move by means of accretions to the crowns, but especially by means of runners above or below ground, and thus they escape from exhausted soil into an area where food is more abundant. These younger portions of the plants are naturally more vigorous than the older, and should always be chosen for replanting after division. Phloxes and Michaelmas daisies, the most useful of the herbaceous perennials which flower late, are greatly improved by division every few years, and when it is done, the older parts in the centre should be thrown away. If they are to be replanted in the same positions, some material taken from a spent hotbed should first be dug in.

H. C. Davidson.

Oxford 'Varsity Sport: RUGBY FOOTBALL PROSPECTS

STANDING as we are on the threshold of a new academical year, one's thoughts are naturally precipitated forward in contemplation of another full season's 'Varsity sport. To most folk, irrespective altogether of those who can claim either of the older Universities as *alma mater*, University sport makes an irresistible appeal. And it is not difficult to account for this. Where much in the temple of sport is unholy and unclean it is intensely refreshing to find a whole sphere of sporting activity wherein everything is genuine and wholesome in the extreme, and no debasing influence lies. Such, indeed, is sport as practised in at the 'Varsities; hence its attractiveness.

In any survey of prospects we may here attempt first place must be yielded to Rugby football, than which branch of winter sport at the Universities none other possesses an interest so paramount either with 'Varsity men or with the outside public. No one will be forgetting Oxford's fine side of a year ago, a side which, in the smashing defeat of Cambridge last December, established a record in the long series of inter-'Varsity tests. It is, however, scarcely ever given to either University—Harry Vassall's era at Oxford was the notable exception—to put into the field so exceptional a fifteen for two consecutive seasons. And the Oxford fifteen this year, it is tolerably safe to say, will suffer in comparison with the 1909 combination. At least it will be surprising indeed if this be not so, for one cannot quite see the successful replacing of such geniuses at the game as Mr. George Cunningham, last year's captain, Mr. Gilray, and Mr. Tarr, not to speak of the loss of Mr. Gotley, Mr. Hands, Mr. Evers, and Mr. Allen. Those supreme wing three-quarters, the much-discussed, flaxen-haired Mr. Poulton and the dusky Mr. Marlin are, it is true, still available, and with Mr. F. G. Buchanan should form the nucleus of an efficient back division. Supposing Mr. Buchanan again to fill the full-back position—he is, perhaps, a better inside three-quarter—the vacancies can be well filled from Messrs. D. J. Nicolas (Trinity), the South African, G. T. Gravell (Hertford), J. R. Birchall (Queen's), and C. G. Arkwright (Oriel). But the supreme difficulty which confronts Mr. F. H. Turner, of Sedburgh and Trinity, the new Dark Blue captain, lies in the filling of the half-back positions. On the successful accomplishment of this task is likely to depend in no small measure the success of the side. In the absence of any fresh talent the choice is not unlikely to fall on Messrs. Cedric O'D. Carey and W. I. Cheeseman, who showed a quite fair knowledge of each other's methods in combination in several games at the end of last season. The pack should certainly be a strong one, with five of the old colours in Messrs. Turner, Diggle, Lagden, Honey, and Herring (the last named is not quite certain of being in residence) available. Perhaps the best of the seniors for filling the vacant places are Messrs. J. R. Milligan (Trinity), L. G. Pocock (St. John's), and H. S. Sharpe (University), whilst of the Freshman, Dr. H. G. Bullock (New College), the Rhodes scholar from Sydney University, a commanding personality, weighing over 13 stone and standing 6ft. 3in., is fairly assured of his colours. He was one of the first to be chosen for the "Wallabies," but was unable to make the journey, and though he did not materialise as expected at Oxford last October, he showed his mettle at the game in some of the later matches.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 355.—Vol. XXVII. Wednesday, September 21, 1910

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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40 MINUTES FROM LONDON.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, offering exceptional attractions to golfers, commanding practically the whole of the links and within 300 yards of the club-house: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good offices, etc.; pretty grounds with full-sized tennis and croquet lawns.

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KENT (Chislehurst).—The beautiful RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY known as "Waratah," embracing a fine commodious RESIDENCE, with lodge entrances, stabling, farmery, glasshouses, lovely grounds and parklike paddocks, in all about 25 acres, will be SOLD, by AUCTION, on Wednesday, October 26, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., by order of the Executrices of the late Mrs. Holt. With possession.—Particulars, with views, plans, etc., of BAXTER, PAYNE and LEPPER, 69, King William Street, E.C., and Bromley, Kent.

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WITHIN 2 HOURS OF LONDON.—FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED TO RENT. 4 reception, 10 to 12 bed, billiard, bathrooms, etc.; lighted and heated preferred; stabling for 5; 80 to 100 acres meadow-land.—NORUMBEGA, Portland Hotel, London, W.

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MANY UNIQUE AND INTERESTING FEATURES.

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£7,000.—**FOR SALE, FREEHOLD,** singularly attractive ESTATE of 156 acres, including an interesting old House of medium size (easily enlarged if desired), containing:

VERY FINE OLD OAK PANELLING AND OAK STAIRCASE.

The land is practically all in pasture, and is bounded by trout stream; stabling, farm-buildings, cottages.—Full particulars of WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

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ABOUT 70 ACRES OF GOOD LAND BOUNDED BY THE RIVER ARUN.

HALE ESTATE, RUDGWICK.—This exceptionally attractive little ESTATE includes the above depicted old-world House, which has recently been put *in thorough order* at considerable expense. It contains: charming entrance hall, drawing and dining rooms each with oak-beamed ceilings, smoking room, *fine oak staircase,* 8 bedrooms, bathroom, good offices, etc.; the House is wired for *electric light,* has good water supply and modern sanitation; gardens laid out in the old-fashioned style, and there are ample buildings, including new cottage, motor-house, etc.; *the sub-soil is gravel.*—To be SOLD, by AUCTION, in November next (unless sold privately beforehand), by WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., in conjunction with Messrs. COLLIER, SON and SPARKES, Godalming, Surrey.

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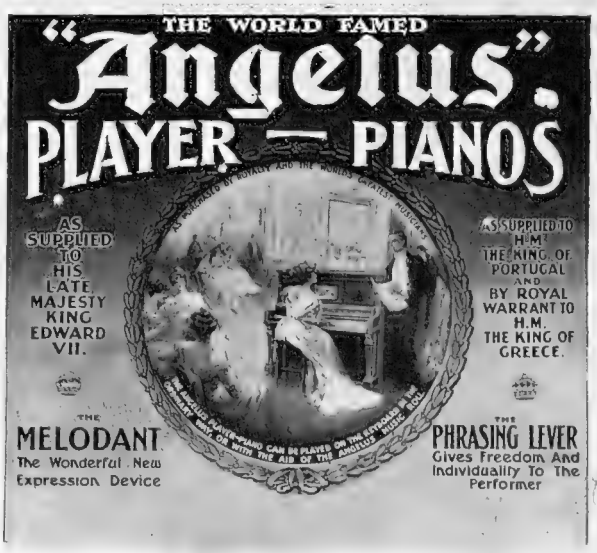
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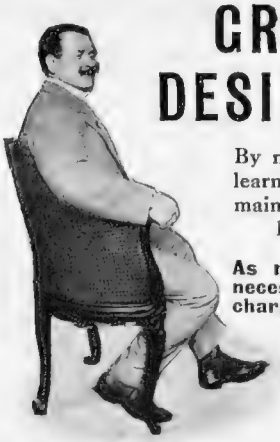

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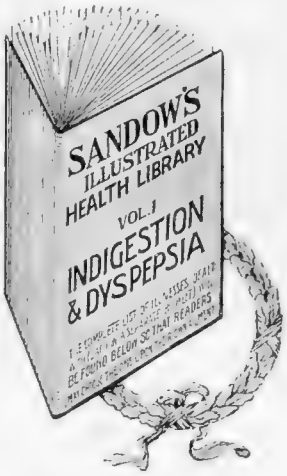

By means of which every man or woman may, without cost, learn all about the famous Sandow method of securing and maintaining health which is open to all wherever they live—however chronic their complaint—whatever their means.

As many million books explaining the method as may be necessary are to be provided and distributed, entirely without charge, to all applicants by Mr. Eugen Sandow, the well-known specialist in curing illness without medicine.

Readers to whom the knowledge of the wonderful avenue to perfect health would be useful are specially invited to fill in and forward the form below to Mr. Eugen Sandow.

The marvellous cures effected and health improvement secured by thousands upon thousands of men, women, and children in the last few years as the result of Mr. Sandow's advice, and the world-wide call amongst medical authorities, professional and business men and women, and others in all classes of life throughout the British Empire, for a wider spread of the all-important health knowledge which Mr. Sandow has to convey, has drawn him to organise this health offer upon gigantic and scientific lines.

The name of Eugen Sandow is known throughout the world as that of a man who has devoted his lifetime to the health improvement and physical betterment of the British nation. He is the founder of a remarkable treatment for the medicineless cure of illness, which has often been noticed in the pages of *The Daily Telegraph*, and which has brought about such astonishingly successful health results that the most eminent medical men testify to its wonderful efficacy.

This offer is of particular interest to readers who are suffering ill-health, because not only can they secure, without cost, an illustrated book showing just how the Treatment is applied in such a condition as their own, but the form below carries with it the advantage of a personal letter of opinion upon the inquirer's own case, if full particulars are given of the individual's present health condition.

The marvellous success with which the Sandow Treatment has met is due to the fact that it is a natural treatment in which drugs or irksome dietary play no part, and that in the majority of instances it can be taken at home.

A REDUCED FACSIMILE of "Truth's" report on the Sandow Treatment of illness without medicine, by its special investigator, issued in the interests of the public, and fully authenticating the claims made for this marvellous form of cure.

THE SANDOW INSTITUTE, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., the world's headquarters for Curing Illness without Medicine, from whence advice is daily given to callers and by post to hundreds of inquirers in all parts of the globe.

The treatment is one of simple scientific exercises, the movements of which are so easy and gentle that they can be made without effort, without causing fatigue, and without fear of strain by the frailest woman suffering illness. For every patient a separate course of treatment is prescribed. Consequently all receives just the exercises which are known from experience to give the greatest benefit.

Twenty-four illustrated books have been produced by Mr. Sandow, each dealing with one of the illnesses or conditions which this treatment has proved so successful in curing.

Below will be found the titles of the books and the coupon which entitles the sender to a copy of the book required. It is only necessary to fill in the coupon, cut it out, and post it to Mr. Eugen Sandow, at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

1. **Indigestion and Dyspepsia.**
2. **Constipation and Its Cure.**
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4. **Nervous Disorders in Men.**
5. **Nervous Disorders in Women.**
6. **Obesity in Men.**
7. **Obesity in Women.**
8. **Heart Affections.**
9. **Lung and Chest Complaints.**
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11. **Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure.**
12. **Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic.**
13. **Lack of Vigour.**
14. **Physical Deformities in Men.**
15. **Physical Deformities in Women**
16. **Functional Defects in Speech.**
17. **Circulatory Disorders.**
18. **Skin Disorders.**
19. **Physical Development for Men**
20. **Everyday Health.**
21. **Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments.**
22. **Figure Culture for Women.**
23. **Insomnia.**
24. **Neurasthenia.**

The book and a letter containing a personal opinion on the inquirer's case will be sent as nearly by return of post as possible.

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SPECIAL APPLICATION FORM FOR "THE BYSTANDER" READERS.

Please send me a gratis copy of Vol. No....., with an opinion as to whether my case is one for treatment by your method.

NAME .....
(Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other title)

ADDRESS .....

.....

My age is..... Occupation.....

Ailment or Physical condition from which relief is desired.....
Give here Further Particulars and continue on your own notepaper.

Photo Central News.
MR. H. LABOUCHERE, Proprietor of the well-known newspaper and exposer of shams, "Truth," which, after a full investigation of the Sandow Treatment, vouched for the fact that it cured 94 persons in every 100 of their illnesses, and gave substantial relief to 99 out of every 100 persons.

Frocks, Frills & Furbelows.

By MRS. JACK MAY

FURS are already providing an inexhaustible theme for discussion, and lead one to reflect on what we shall be called upon to endure should the winter prove as perversely unseasonable as the summer.

Fashion is preparing us for the Northern regions, one well-known house essaying the departure of tailor-made costumes carried throughout in fur. Everywhere there is the note of extravagance, exceedingly beautiful extravagance, well calculated to lure money out of the closest pocket. But well! times are hard, and one wonders where the money is to come from to pay for these persuasive peltry matters.

And ye fates! the art of the peltry worker. One of the cleverest pieces of workmanship yet achieved is a pattern such as the well-known key design, acquired by working a narrow strip of fur with the hair lying in the opposite direction to the rest. In some lights this is scarcely discernible, whilst the slightest turn throws it up in a bold effect. Seal musquash lends itself with particular aptitude to such treatment, the above-named pattern meandering around the hem of a long paletot, and anon adorning the accompanying muff all over its expansive surface. Muffs are of veritable mammoth size, and perfectly flat, the padding being reduced to a minimum.

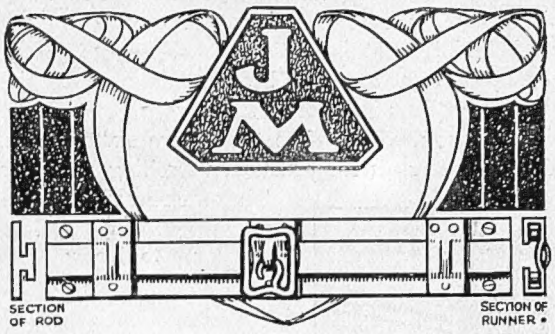
Unless there is some strange, weird development at the back it is impossible for muffs to become any larger. As it is, both arms can be buried in them up to the shoulder, there to be met by a stole as wide in proportion. It was inevitable, of course, that the bell-rope end finish to stoles should make a bid for favour. And there is very little doubt that this fancy will be quickly and widely adopted, since it is as practical as it is effective, and helps to impart a certain shapeliness otherwise lacking. Much talk is going on as to the front position likely to be taken by Fisher fur and Kolinski sable, the latter, as it is now treated, undergoing some special process for enhancing the depth of colour, looking particularly rich in appearance. The picked Fisher fur is extraordinarily reminiscent of Russian sable, having the curious greyish bloom of the more costly pelt.

The "Lowther" Coat and Skirt
The homespun of which it is fashioned is in a warm shade of brown
(SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street

"The little more and how much it is" saying is essentially applicable to the country and shooting suits devised and built by the above-named world-famed firm. Material, of course, has a large word to say in the successes achieved, but there is also an indefinable aspect of smart ease which it seems the prerogative of Messrs. Kenneth Durward to produce.

Although only one of many similarly admirable models, the "Lowther" coat and skirt illustrated has its own peculiar attractions. The homespun of which it is fashioned is in a warm shade of brown, with yellow lights in it, checked over with a fine line of black. The coat is of comfortable sacque shape with a strap at the back, while a plethora of pockets adorn the double-breasted fronts. And the skirt is a perfectly cut five-gored model,



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Sold by all House Furnishers, Furnishing Drapers, Stores, etc., etc., at prices from 1/6½ per foot, with Runners and Hooks complete.

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THE "J.M." CURTAIN ROD CO.,

Campbell Yard, LEICESTER.

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are always welcome when feeling tired or listless. Whether in the home or when travelling, they form a handy and agreeable restorative which no lady should be without.

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Of all Chemists and Druggists Beware of worthless imitations. Insist on seeing the "Crown" label on the bottle.

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Four-fold Collars from 4/11 doz. Dress Shirts, "Matchless Quality," 5/11 each. Old shirts refitted with new bands, fronts, and cuffs, 14/- half doz.

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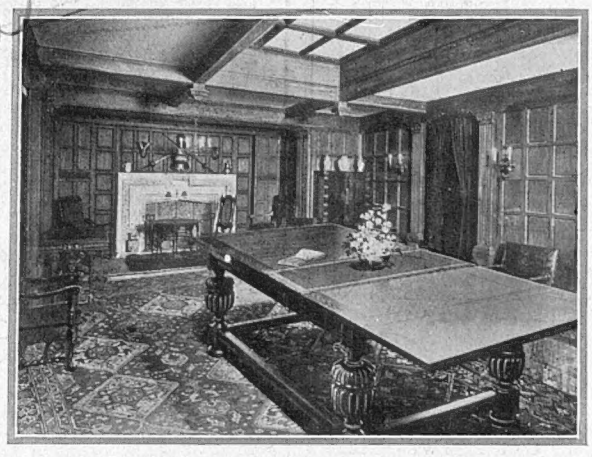
Use Pomeroy Skin Food daily—for the lasting good of your Complexion.

ornamented at the hem with a waved stitched strapping. Every detail is thought out with the utmost care, with a view to combining a trim appearance with extreme practicability.

And with this suit there is worn the "Chepstow" hat, one of the new larger shapes effected in the same material as the costume, and stitched into a condition of firm resistance. For all-round useful country purposes, or Switzerland, there is the "Thornby" suit. This is planned with an adjustable skirt, closing a little to one side of the front, with covered buttons and buttonholes, a contrivance whereby it may, when occasion demands, be used as a shoulder cape, it being taken for granted that knickerbockers to match form a component part of the attire. The coat is built on Norfolk lines, with an arch-shaped yoke at the back, where also the waistband is a permanent fixture, although in front it is available at will. The buttons and band-buckle are of hard leather, and add not a little to the general attractiveness of the design.

Messrs. Kenneth Durward are in the highest state of exultation over their blanket cloth wrap coats. They claim for these that they are the perfection of warmth and lightness, while the least experienced eye can detect the supreme excellence of their build. This blanketing, moreover, is run through a range of special shades, including several good purples, greens, and a most attractive loam brown. Without drawing any individual or invidious comparisons, these lightweight wraps are far before their more elaborate fur and fur-lined rivals for practical travelling purposes. They are so easily handled.



Warings' New Exhibit at the Brussels Exhibition

This is to replace the one destroyed in the disastrous fire of August 14. It represents a fine Elizabethan dining-room with the characteristic ceiling, fireplace, and carved oak panelling, and is not only a very beautiful example of Warings' period decoration, but affords a remarkable evidence of their rapidity of execution. This elaborate room, with all its appointments, was completed on Saturday, September 10, less than a month after the destruction of its predecessor, and five days before the time-limit allowed by the Exhibition authorities

A Blouse to Know About

A need always to the fore, but more especially so during the colder months, is a flannel blouse that may be washed time and again with impunity. Well! this is a claim among several others put forward with significant confidence by the promoters of the "Wolsey." Furthermore, the fabric itself is guaranteed of fine wool, the very first quality procurable, unshrinkable, and treated in the best latter-day manner, also exclusiveness of patterns. The fashioning of the material is again above reproach, the style and general effectiveness of these blouses, together with reliability of workmanship, bearing the closest investigation. And since all the leading drapers and stores are stocking the "Wolsey," there is every opportunity for bringing personal investigation to bear on the value, the retail price ranging from 6*s.* 11*d.* upwards.

The Menu: SAVOURIES: NOT DIFFICULT TO MAKE

Roes and Mushrooms on Toast

Make the necessary number of round croûtons of lightly fried bread, and choose mushrooms the same size as the croûtons. Peel the mushrooms, rinse them in warm water to remove any grit, and take off the stalks. Place them on a greased baking-sheet stalk side uppermost. Put some small pieces of butter on each mushroom and a little pepper and salt, cover with buttered paper, and cook in a moderate oven from ten to twenty minutes. Serve a mushroom on each croûton, and on each mushroom place a cooked bloater roe curled round. Serve very hot.

Savoury Baskets

Cut the required number of slices of tomato and place on each a round cheese biscuit, the centre part of which has been hollowed out. In this place a ball of egg mixture, and on that a very little whipped cream flavoured with a little pepper. The pastry for biscuits is made thus: 1oz. flour, 1oz. grated cheese, a few grains of cayenne, a pinch of salt, and 1oz. butter; work together to a stiff paste, cut into small rounds, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. For the egg mixture take the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, pass through a sieve, and mix to a paste with butter, two or three drops of lemon-juice, and half a saltspoonful of curry-powder. To complete the idea of baskets, add handles of cucumber peel.

Corn au Gratin

Open a tin of corn, strain off the liquid, and then simmer until tender in three tablespoonfuls of milk, ½oz. of butter, white pepper and salt. When the corn is cooked (about ten minutes is sufficient) heat a fireproof dish and sprinkle it with fine brown breadcrumbs. Make a white sauce with 2oz. of butter, 1½oz. of flour, and half a pint of milk. Season with salt, white pepper, and a squeeze of lemon-juice. Now stir the corn into the sauce, put it in the dish, cover with grated cheese and crumbs, and bake for twenty mintes in a hot oven.

Cheese Balls

Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, stir in 2oz. of grated cheese, salt and cayenne to taste. Shape the mixture into balls and drop them into boiling fat. Fry them for five minutes till of a golden brown, drain well, and sprinkle grated cheese over them.

Tomato Canapés (Cold)

Cut some slices of bread 2½in. in diameter and ⅛in. thick, soak in milk, and then fry a pale colour. Spread when cold with grated cheese and butter made into a paste. Dip some small tomatoes into hot water, skin them and put one on each piece of bread, placing some finely minced parsley and grated cheese on each.

Eggs in Cases

Butter some small fireproof cases, and put into each a piece of butter, with a pinch of parsley, a little cayenne and salt. Break an egg into each case, add a teaspoonful of grated cheese and a sprinkling of breadcrumbs. Put the cases into a good oven for five minutes and serve.

Baked Cheese Sandwiches

Cut some slices of good cheese about a third of an inch thick, season with pepper, and place them between two slices of brown bread and butter; trim these neatly, and put them in the oven, serving them directly the bread is toasted.

EMILIA.

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The Editor's Box

Colonial News

It is stated that by next May the Canadian Northern will have two of the most handsome and up-to-date passenger vessels afloat either on the Atlantic or the Pacific Oceans for their British-Columbia coast service. Also, the Canadian Northern Railway has opened an office at Edmonton for the purpose of selling British Columbia fruit and farm lands and city lots in Fort James, B.C.

Gaiety Theatre

The Saturday matinées of *Our Miss Gibbs* at the Gaiety Theatre will be resumed on September 24.

"The Conservative and Unionist"

The *Conservative and Unionist* is the popular monthly magazine published by the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations. It aims at once at "briefing" Unionist speakers and workers and supplying accurate and up-to-date political information, calculated to interest the general reader in a bright and attractive form. The paper is rapidly making a name for itself throughout the United Kingdom, and now has a very large monthly circulation. There are numerous illustrations and many articles.

Suburban Attractions

BROADWAY, New Cross: *A Chinese Honeymoon.*

FULHAM: *The Broken Melody.*

KENNINGTON: *The Naked Truth.*

KING'S, Hammersmith: *The Arcadians.*

MARLBOROUGH, Holloway: Hayden Coffin in *Two Merry Monarchs.*

SHAKESPEARE, Clapham: *A Girl's Cross Roads.*

Japan-British Exhibition: New Zealand Pavilion

The kauri gum collection to be seen in the New Zealand Government Pavilion of the Japan-British Exhibition, as an exhibit of rare natural curios, may claim to be the most remarkable of its kind. The reason is that there is no end to the variety of the specimens in form and colour. The agencies of fire, earth, and time have played strange pranks with this mutable material. Some of it, dug from a greater depth than the rest, is dark and stratified like ancient rocks. Other fragments have the hue and polish of marble. But the prettiest examples are seen in cases, the contents of which have been secured from nearer the surface. The shades range from a dark, indefinable red to the deepest amber, while other specimens have the purity of jewels or the crystalline transparency of running water. In the interiors of certain pieces are held strange representations of standing forests, rivers, and bridges, balls of snow or human heads. These are attributed mostly to the effects of volcanic fire. It is impossible to do more than merely hint at the beauties of these kauri-gums, which must be seen to be appreciated. The collection is unique, and worth thousands of pounds.

Golden Wedding Present to Sir Merton and Lady Russell Cotes

At the celebration of the golden wedding of Sir Merton and Lady Russell Cotes, which interesting ceremony recently took place at their beautiful residence, East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth, Sir George Meyrick, on behalf of a few close personal friends, presented a massive gold Monteith bowl. This magnificent piece was manufactured by the famous house of Garrard, Crown Jewellers, of 25, Haymarket

The "Watkin Switch"

It has become the fashion to lament much and loudly the decline and fall of the good old-fashioned home, yet the discerning among us will admit that it could be a mighty tyrant to those whose duty it was to guard it. The cellar kitchens, steep stairs, and flaring gas-jets were a most important part of the good old-fashioned home. Much more cheerful the modern house or flat, with all its devices for time and labour-saving and cleanliness. Most cheerful of all do I find a home where lighting and heating by electricity can be combined with beauty and economy. And it can be done, for I have seen it. The comfort of the home depended on an electric switch, and the switch was the "Watkin." The cost of fixing this in place of the ordinary one is about 5*s.*, and the result is that you can regulate your electric lighting and heating arrangements as easily as you could your gas. The dinner-table takes on itself the soft and becoming glow of candle light, as by means of the "Watkin Switch" you can turn down the lights to their lowest and save about 79 per cent. If you want a stronger light you switch on to Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, but your money is always saved in proportion to the light you burn. Almost more important than for lighting is the switch for heating. The only disadvantage of the radiator or the electric hot-plate disappears, for their fierce and very expensive heat can easily be subdued and regulated. Till now the heating of a room by radiator was a more or less spasmodic affair. Now you can get an even and gentle warmth as easily as a fierce heat, and this brings electricity for cooking within the reach of even the most careful housewife. Until now the speed of the electric fan could be reduced, but not the amount of electricity used. The "Watkin Switch," however, does that. A light breath of air means a light expense. In fact, there is not a room in the house which is not made more cheerful and comfortable by this newest result of science and brain in those who think for us.

A Grand Prix for "Izal"

Messrs. Newton, Chambers and Co., Ltd., of Thorncliffe, near Sheffield, have been awarded a Grand Prix by the judges at the Japan-British Exhibition for their disinfectant fluid, Izal. Although premier honours have been awarded to Izal on many former occasions, this latest recognition bears fresh witness to the reliability and excellence of this well-known disinfectant preparation. Izal is offered for many purposes, sanitary, surgical, horticultural, and veterinary, and much useful work in connection with the scientific use of disinfectants has been done in the laboratories at Thorncliffe.

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